Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1874. NUMBER 25.

ORDINANCE

FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE

BOROUGH OF SUMMITVILLE.

Passed June 16th, 1874.

Be it ordained and enacted by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Summitville, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same, that the following be the Ordinance for the government of the Borough of Summitville:

ORDINANCE.

ARTICLE I.—AUDITOR.

Sec. 1. The Borough Auditor shall annually, after the first Monday in March, examine and adjust the books, papers and accounts of the Borough Treasurer and all officers of the Borough into whose possession the moneys of the Borough may come during the preceding fiscal year, which shall close on the last day of February.

He shall cancel all orders and vouchers allowed in the Treasurer's account, and shall immediately present to the Council a written report of the receipts and expenditures during the preceding year, together with the amounts, if any, in the hands of any officer of the Borough, due and unpaid, and he shall return to the Secretary all orders or bills cancelled by him.

ARTICLE II.—ASSESSOR.

Sec. 1. The Borough Assessor shall make the assessment of all persons within the limits of the Borough between the first and tenth days of March of each year, and shall deliver the same on or before the 15th of said month, to the Borough Secretary; whereupon the Secretary shall give notice, as provided by law, that the Mayor and Council will meet for the purpose of hearing appeals on the third Saturday of March.

ARTICLE III.—BURGESS.

Sec. 1. On the Saturday succeeding the third Monday in February, the Burgess shall present to the Council the returns of election held in the Borough for Borough officers.

Sec. 2. The Burgess elect shall at the same time and place take the oath or affirmation required by law.

Sec. 3. The Burgess shall see that the public peace is preserved, and shall enforce obedience to the ordinances and regulations of the Borough. He shall sign all orders drawn on the Treasurer, but only for the payment of claims approved and ordered by the Council. He shall have charge of the Borough seal, and shall affix the same, when or where, to all papers requiring the same, wherein the Council is equally interested. The Burgess shall have the casting vote, when the Burgess shall have control of the police (if any be appointed) and of the police (if any be appointed) and in cases of emergencies shall have power to appoint special policemen: Provided, That such appointment shall not continue longer than ten days, unless the same shall be approved by Council.

Sec. 4. In the absence or inability of the Burgess, any member of the Council present, may act and perform the duties temporarily.

ARTICLE IV.—SECRETARY.

Sec. 1. The Borough Secretary shall draw all orders on the Treasurer for the amounts of all claims against the Borough which have passed the Council, keeping a register of them, and shall retain papers, vouchers, and other documents belonging to the Borough; he shall keep a fair record of the proceedings of the Council, a duplicate, for the use of the Burgess, or, not later than the first day of each year, and keeps accurate account with all officers of the Borough.

He shall receive all ordinances which have been passed by the Council and approved by the Burgess, and witness the same, and shall record all ordinances adopted by the Council and approved by the Burgess.

He shall keep the proceedings and minutes, and give due notice to members of Council of all meetings, and perform such services as may be required.

He shall annually with the Treasurer, and after the Auditor's settlement, present to Council a report of the finances of the Borough, a statement of the receipts and expenditures for the preceding year, and shall give notice, not later than the first day of May, of the time and placed of election.

ARTICLE V.—COUNCIL.

Sec. 1. On Saturday succeeding the election of Burgess, the Councilmen elect and those whose terms of office shall not expire shall meet for organization.

Sec. 2. The Council shall, at the first meeting of the preceding year, or, in the absence of the Burgess elect, or, in the absence of both, any other person as temporary chairman, shall preside. The returns of election of Borough officers being presented and read, the chairman shall ask the question, "Are the returns approved?" If no objection be made, they shall be considered adopted. The members severally sworn or affirmed.

Sec. 3. The Council shall then proceed to elect a Borough Treasurer, Street Commissioner, Assessor, and such other officers as may be required by law, each of whom shall take an oath or affirmation to discharge the several duties with fidelity—said officers to be filled by the Borough Council.

Special committees may be appointed by the Council as the Council may be directed, and the duties of all matters that may be referred to such committee, and any committee shall report to Council on any subject performed the duties without the same having been referred to them.

Sec. 4. The first Saturday in May of each year the Burgess and Council shall meet for the purpose of revising and equalizing the assessments, from which meeting notice shall be given by law.

Sec. 5. Council shall annually levy and collect Borough purposes a tax not exceeding that required by law.

Council shall annually levy and collect from the owners of dogs and bitches a tax as prescribed by the laws of this Commonwealth.

Sec. 6. Council shall meet at least once a month, and place as may be designated by the Council. The time of the regular meeting in Council shall fix by regulation.

Sec. 7. Council shall, by ordinance, appoint a person, of Borough tax for the use of the Borough.

ARTICLE VI.—HIGH CONSTABLE.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the High Constable to arrest all suspected and disorderly persons found upon the streets, alleys, or other public places, in drinking houses or other places, and bring such persons before the Burgess to be examined touching the charges above described persons as may be found guilty of disorderly conduct calculated to disturb the peace, or of being gathered together with evil or disorderly assemblages, shall be punished by a fine of not more than three dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the High Constable to serve all the Borough ordinances and to make complaint to the Burgess of violations of laws and regulations coming to his knowledge, and produce proofs thereof, and shall, in case of disturbances, quell all tumults, and disturbances.

Sec. 3. The High Constable shall post all notices of the time and place of holding the Borough assessments, and all ordinances of the Council, and shall execute warrants and processes issued by the Burgess.

Sec. 4. The High Constable shall securely keep all persons that may be confined in the lock-up house in pursuance of the ordinances of the Borough, and shall be entitled to the same fees as are allowed the Sheriff of Cambria county for similar services—said fees to be collected from the prisoner as costs.

Sec. 5. The High Constable shall give bonds in one hundred dollars, with sufficient sureties, to be approved by the Council. The bond when approved by the Council shall be filed within ten days after the High Constable receives notice of his election.

ARTICLE VII.—PUBLIC PEACE.

Sec. 1. Any person or persons who shall be guilty of writing on walls, or defacing the property of any Borough or individual property within the limits of this Borough, shall forfeit and pay for the offense a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than twenty-five dollars: Provided, That if the injury is accidental no fine shall be imposed other than the amount necessary for repairing.

Sec. 2. Any person found guilty of wilfully discharging any gun or other firearm, or carelessly handling the same or throwing stones, except in defence of person or property, within the limits of this Borough, shall pay a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than three dollars.

Sec. 3. All persons or persons engaged in fighting or otherwise creating disturbances within the limits of the Borough, shall pay a fine of not less than three dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars.

ARTICLE VIII.—RETURNS.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of any officer of the Borough, derived from fines, taxes, or any other sources, to pay to the Borough Treasurer, on or before the fifth day of each month, the full amount collected or received by them respectively during the preceding month, with a statement of how derived. They shall report to Council at every regular monthly meeting the amount of money received by them.

ARTICLE IX.—SIDEWALKS.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the owner of any lot or lots fronting on any street laid out within the limits of this corporation, at such time as may hereafter be directed by Council, to cause sidewalks or footwalks to be made of plank, brick, or flagstone.

Sec. 2. If any owner or owners of lots shall refuse or neglect to make their respective footwalks, as herein specified, within sixty days after being notified by the Street Commissioner, then the Street Commissioner shall cause the same to be made speedily at the expense of the Borough, and the Burgess shall proceed, as provided by law, to recover the amount so expended, with twenty per cent. added; which sum shall be paid into the Borough treasury for the use of the Borough.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the Burgess and Council to have the streets and alleys surveyed and laid out, having a width as near the specification of the town plot as possible, and owners of property shall remove fences and all other obstructions outside the limits of streets and footwalks as soon thereafter as practicable.

Sec. 4. All streets or alleys not laid out or specified in the town plot shall remain in such condition, unless owners of property adjoining such unspecified streets or alleys shall donate to the use of the Borough the requisite amount of ground necessary for said streets or alleys; or until such time as the Burgess and Council may direct the same to be opened at the expense of the Borough.

Sec. 5. Any person trespassing on any sidewalk with any animal or vehicle, hitching animals to trees, fences or buildings, or anything not provided for that purpose, shall pay a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than ten dollars.

ARTICLE X.—SALARIES.

Sec. 1. The officers of the Borough shall each receive the salary hereinafter specified.

Sec. 2. The Borough Secretary shall receive such compensation as Council shall direct.

Sec. 3. The Street Commissioner shall receive such compensation as Council may order for each day actually employed in the service of the Borough.

Sec. 4. The High Constable, besides such fees and costs as he may be entitled to, shall receive five per cent. of the amount which he actually collects on the Borough tax book and pays over to the Borough Treasurer.

Sec. 5. The Treasurer shall receive a salary per annum, or a per cent. on amount received into the treasury, as the Council may hereafter direct.

Sec. 6. The Surveyor shall receive for each day actually employed in the service of the Borough such compensation as the Burgess and Council shall direct.

ARTICLE XI.—FINES AND FEES.

Sec. 1. The fees and costs of the Burgess and High Constable shall be the same as prescribed by law for Justices of the Peace and Constables: Provided, That the Borough shall not be liable for the costs and fees of said officers.

Sec. 2. All fines shall be recovered by conviction before the Burgess, and in all cases of conviction the party convicted shall be liable to pay, in addition to the fine, the legal fees or costs which may have accrued in the case.

Sec. 3. If any person or persons sentenced by the Burgess shall neglect or refuse to pay the fines, together with the fees and costs, such person or persons may be committed to the lock-up house for a period not exceeding the time prescribed by law; and the fines, with the costs and fees, may be collected by proceedings before a Justice of the Peace.

ARTICLE XII.—LICENSES.

Sec. 1. No person or persons within the limits of this Borough shall exhibit any play, show, juggling, theatrical, or other exhibition, for which money is demanded or received, without a license for that purpose had and obtained from the Burgess and Treasurer, which license shall express for what it is granted and time of continuance.

Sec. 2. The amount of license to be paid for the exhibition of any show or play above mentioned shall be not less than three dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, the amount of each license to be determined by the Burgess.

Sec. 3. That for lectures on scientific or literary subjects, or exhibitions or fairs for benevolent or charitable purposes, no license or permit shall be required.

Sec. 4. Any person violating any provision of this article shall, on conviction, be fined not less than five nor more than twenty-five dollars for each offense.

ARTICLE XIII.—TREASURER.

Sec. 1. The Treasurer, within ten days after his election, shall give bonds, with sufficient sureties in the sum of five hundred dollars, until otherwise ordered, sureties to be approved by the Council and bond filed with the Borough Secretary. Said Treasurer shall assume his duties on the second Tuesday of March.

Sec. 2. He shall receive all moneys belonging to the Borough, and shall pay out the same only upon orders drawn by the Burgess and countersigned by the Secretary, and shall deliver to his successor in office all books, moneys and property belonging to the Borough which may be in his possession.

Sec. 3. He shall keep his accounts in a plain manner, wherein the receipts and expenditures shall be exhibited, and each item of charge and discharge shall appear therein. Said accounts shall at all times during office hours be open to the inspection of the Burgess or any member of the Council.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall have power to grant licenses, in accordance with the ordinance of the Borough, to all persons who may apply and pay for the same. He shall keep account of all licenses granted and the revenue derived therefrom in a book kept for that purpose.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to report to the Council, at each and every monthly meeting, the amount of money on hands at the time of the last statement, the amount received up to the fifth of the current month, from whence derived, and the amount paid by him during said month.

Sec. 6. On the second Tuesday of March, each year, the Treasurer shall submit to the Council a detailed statement of all moneys received by him during the preceding year, from whom, what source received, and the amount paid by him. He is required to notify the Council at the first meeting thereafter of the time the duplicate is placed in the hands of the Collector, and shall assist the Secretary in making out the Borough duplicate.

Sec. 7. The Treasurer is directed to keep a register of all dogs and bitches returned to him in accordance with the ordinance of the Borough, and furnish a certificate to the party registering the same.

ARTICLE XIV.—STREET COMMISSIONER.

Sec. 1. The Street Commissioner shall be subject to the direction of the Burgess and Council, and shall have full power in carrying out his instructions, to make contracts and to hire all needful aid, subject to the approval of the Burgess and Council.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the Street Commissioner to enforce all regulations or ordinances of the Borough relating to streets, alleys, sidewalks, gutters, bridges and sewers, and attend to the opening of all new streets and alleys. He shall certify all bills for material furnished in his department, and have charge of all tools belonging to the Borough and be accountable for the same.

Sec. 3. The Street Commissioner shall prepare and present to Council at each monthly meeting, upon a check-roll, his own name and the name of every person employed under him, showing each day such person was employed, where and how employed, amount of daily pay and total amount due each person, and shall certify the same.

REPEALING ARTICLE.

Any section in this Ordinance may be repealed, amended, or added to by a two third vote of Council: Provided, that notice be given one month previous to the passage of such additions, amendments, or repeals.

Passed finally by the Council and approved by the Burgess this 16th day of June, A. D. 1874.

JOHN E. STORM, Burgess.

WILLIAM McCONNELL, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—RIFFLE'S ESTATE.—The undersigned appointed Auditor to report distribution of the funds in the hands of WM. H. SECHLER, Esq., Administrator of JAMES M. RIFFLE, deceased, as appears by his fourth account filed and confirmed, and also the money arising from the sale of part of decedent's real estate, confirmed June 25, 1874, being first payment for property sold John Spade, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at the office of Shoemaker & Sechler, in the Borough of Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, JULY 23D, 1874, at 9 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested may attend, or be debarred from coming in on the fund.

June 26-3t. JNO. P. LINTON, Auditor.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

YE TOAD.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

Close by the basement door-step,
A representative toad
Has made, all the sultry summer,
His quiet and cool abode;
And the way he bumps and bounces
About on the area of stones,
Would break every bone in his body,
That is if he had any bones.

When a man is cringing and abject,
And fawns for a selfish end,
Why they should call him a *toady*,
What mortal can comprehend?
Since for resolute independence,
Despising the courtier's code,
And freedom from mean ambitions,
There's nobody like the toad.

I know how strongly against him
Some popular whimsies go;
But the toad is never vicious,
Nor silly, nor stupid, nor slow.
Stupid? Perhaps you never
Never noticed his jewel eyes?
Slow? or his tongue's red lightning
Striking the darting flies?

Oh, but the mouth he carries!
To make dimensions clear,
One longs to describe it briefly
As reaching from ear to ear;
But that no Professor of reptiles
Is able (so far as appears
In books upon kindred subjects)
To locate his rachian ears.

No matter how stern and solemn
The markings about his eyes,
The width of his mouth preserves him
From wearing too grave a guise;
It gives him the look (no matter
How sad he may be the while
Or deep in profound abstraction)
Of smiling a chronic smile.

His ponderous locomotion,
Though brimful of nerve and force,
And well enough here in the area,
Wouldn't do for a trotting course.
Too modest to run for Congress,
Too honest for Wall street's strife,
His principles all unfit him
For aught but a virtuous life.

A hole in the ground contents him,—
So little he asks of fate;
Philosopher under a dock-leaf,
He sits like a king in state.
Should a heedless footstep mash him,
In gravel absorbed and blent,
He never complains or grumbles,—
He knows it was accident.

No grudging scribe in a sanctum,
No writer of prose or rhyme,
Gets through with so much hard thinking
In the course of a summer-time;
And if sometimes he jumps at conclusions
He does it with accurate aim
And after mature reflection,—
Would all of us did the same!

But what will he do in winter,
'Midst the wind and snow and hail,
With his poor soft, unclad body
Unsheltered by wings or tail?
He cannot go south, poor fellow,
In search of milder air,
For spring would be back triumphant
Before he was half-way there!

But what are his plans for the future,
Or where he intends to go,
Or what he is weighing and planning,
Are things we shall never know.
He winks if you ask him a question,
And keeps his own counsel well;
For in fact, like the needy knife-grinder,
He never has a story to tell!

SALLY JONES.

Nathan Jones, a small farmer in our vicinity, had a daughter, as pretty and as buxom a lass as ever thumped buttermilk in a churn; and whether you saw her carrying eggs to market on a flea bitten mare, or helping to stir apple butter at a boiling frolic, or making a long reach at a quilting, or sitting demurely in the log meeting house on a Sunday—in short, whenever you saw her she always looked as pretty, if not prettier, than she had ever done before.

Notwithstanding her attractions, it will scarcely be credited that Sally had reached the mature age of eighteen without an avowed suitor.—Admirers, nay, lovers, she had by the score, and whenever liquor was convenient, many a sober youth got drunk because of her, and many a sighing bachelor would willingly have given his best riding horse, or even his share in dad's farm for her.

There was indeed no lack of will on their part; the difficulty was in mustering up courage to make the proposal. Mankind seemed for once to be impressed with a deep, proper sense of its own unworthiness.

Now, far be it from any one to infer from this that Sally was prudish or unapproachable. On the contrary, she was a good humored, as comely, and disposed to be as loving as she was loveable.

Poor Sally! it is a great misfortune to a girl to be too handsome; almost as great as to be too ugly.

There she was, sociable and warm hearted as a pigeon, amiable as a turtle dove, looking soft encouragement, as plainly as maiden modesty permitted, to her bashful company of admirers, who dawddled about her, twisted their thumbs, biting the bark of their riding switches, and playing a number of other sheepish tricks, but never saying a word to the purpose.

Sally was entering on her nineteenth year, when she was one day heard to observe that men were the meanest, lowest, cowardliest, orniest creatures; in short, good for nothing but to lie under an apple tree with their mouths open, and wait until the apple dropped into them.

This observation was circulated from mouth to mouth, and, like the riddle of the Sphinx, was deeply pondered by Sally's lovers. If one had wit enough to solve its meaning, certainly no one had pluck enough to prove the answer.

Not of this poor spirited crowd was Sam Bates, a stalwart youth, who stood in winter, six feet two inches in his stocking, (in summer he didn't wear any.)

Sam was not handsome in the ordinary sense of the term. He was freckled, had a big mouth and carroty hair. His feet—but no matter—he usually bought number fourteen and a half boots, because they fitted him better than sevens or eights.

Sam was a wagon maker by profession, owned a flourishing shop, and several hundred acres of land, that secured to him the reputation of independence. For the rest he was a boisterous blade, a good rider, a crack shot with a rifle, and an accomplished fiddler. Bold to the confines of impudence, he was a favorite of the fair; with a heart as big as his foot, and a fist like a sledge hammer, he was the acknowledged cock of the walk, and preux chevalier of the pine hill country.

Mr. Bates met Sally Jones for the first time at a quilting, and in sixty seconds after sight he had determined to court her. He sat beside her as she stitched, and even had the audacity to squeeze her hand under the quilt. Truth is mighty and must be told.

Although Sally did not resent the impertinence by a stick with her needle, she was not half so indignant as she ought to have been. I dare not say she was pleased, but perhaps I should not be far from the truth if I did. It is undeniable that the more gentle and modest a woman is, the more she admires courage and boldness in the other sex.

Sally blushed every time her eyes met those of her new beau, and that was as often as she looked up.

As for Sam, the longer he gazed the deeper he sunk into the mire of love, and by the end of the evening his heart and his confidence were both completely overwhelmed.

As he undertook to see Sally home, he felt a numbness in his joints that was entirely new to him, and when he tried to make known his sentiments as he had previously determined, he found his heart so swelled up that it closed his throat, and he couldn't utter a word.

"What a darned cussed sneak I was!" groaned Sam, as he turned that night on his sleepless pillow. "What's come over me that I can't speak my mind to that pretty gal without chokin'? O, Lord! but she is too pretty to live on this airth. Well, I'm goin' to church with her to-morrow; and if I don't fix matters afore I get back, then darn me!"

It is probable Sam Bates had never hearkened to story of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinnia," or he would have been less credulous while thus listening to the whispers of fancy, and less ready to take it for granted that "the deficiencies of the day would be supplied by the morrow."

To-morrow came, and in due time Mr. Bates tricked off in a bran new suit of Jew's clothes, was on his way to meeting with the beautiful Sally. His horse bedecked with a new fair leather bridle, and a new saddle with stirrups, looked as gay as his master.

As they rode up to the meeting house door, Sam could not forbear casting a triumphant glance at the crowd of Sally's adorers who stood around filled with mortification and envy at his successful audacity.

Sally's face was roseate with pleasure and bashfulness.

"Stop a minute now, Miss Sally; I'll jist git down and lift you off."

Sam essayed to dismount, but in so doing found that both feet were hopelessly fast in the stirrups. His face swelled and reddened up like a turkey gobbler's. In vain he twisted and kicked; the crowd was expectant; Sally was waiting.

"Gosh darn the stirrups;" exclaimed Sam, endeavoring to break the leathers with his desperate kicks.

At this unwonted exclamation, Sally looked up and saw her beau's predicament.

The bystanders began to snicker. Sally was grieved and indignant.

Bouncing out of her saddle, in a twinkling she handed her entrapped escort a stone.

"Here, Sammy, chuck your feet out with this!"

"Oh, Sally Jones, into what an error did your kind heart betray, to offer this untimely civility in the presence of the assembled country—admirers, rivals and all.

Sam took the stone and struck the frantic blow at the pernicious stirrup, but missing his aim, it fell with a crushing force upon a soft corn that had come from wearing tight boots.

"Whoa, darn ye?" cried he losing all control of himself, and threatening to beat the horse's brains out with the stone.

"Don't strike the critter, Sammy;" said old Jones; "you'll gin him the poll evil. But jist let me ungairth the saddle, and we'll git you loose in no time.

In short, the saddle was unbuckled, and Sam dismounted with his feet in the stirrups, looking like a criminal in foot hobbles.

With some labor he pulled off his boots, squeezed them out of the stirrups, and then pulled them on again.

The tender Sally stood by all the time, manifesting the kindest concern; and when he was finally extricated, she took his arm and walked with him into church.

But this unlucky adventure was too much for Sam; he sneaked out of the meeting during the first prayer, drew off boots and rode home in his stockings.

From that time Sam Bates disappeared from society. Literally and metaphysically he shut up shop, and hung up his fiddle. He did not take to liquor like a fool, but took his axe, and cleared I don't know how many acres of rugged heavy timber land, thereby increasing the value of his tract to the amount of several hundred dollars.

Sally indirectly sent him divers messages, intimating that she took no account of the little incident at the meeting house, and at length ventured on a direct present of a pair of gray yarn stockings, knit by her own hands.

But while every effort to win him back to the world was unsuccessful, the yarn stockings were a great comfort to the self-imposed exile.

Sam wore them continually, not on his feet, as some matter-of-fact booby might suppose, but in his bosom; and often during the intervals of his work in the lonely clearing, would he draw them out and ponder on them until a big tear gathered in his eye.

"Oh! Sally Jones, Sally Jones! if I had only spunk enough to have courted ye Saturday night, instead of waiting until Sunday morning, things might have been different."

And then he would pick up his axe and whack it into the next tree with the energy of despair.

At length the whole country was electrified by the announcement that "Farmer Jones had concluded to sell out and go West." On the day appointed for the sale—there could not have been less than one hundred horses tethered in his barn yard.

Sam Bates was there, looking as uneasy as a pig in a strange cornfield.

Sally might have been a little thinner than usual, just enough to heighten rather than diminish her charms.

It was generally known that she was averse to moving west. In fact she took no pains to conceal her sentiments on the subject, and her pretty eyes were evidently red with recent weeping.

She looked mournfully around at each familiar object. The old homestead with its chunked and daubed walls; the cherry tree under which she had played in childhood; the flowers she had planted; and then to see the dear old furniture auctioned off—the churn, the apple-butter pot, the venerable quilting frame, the occasion of so many social gatherings.

But harder than all it was when her own white cow was put up; her pet, that calf she had saved from the butcher; it was too much, and the tears trinkled afresh down Sally's blooming cheeks.

"Ten dollars, ten dollars for the cow."

"Fifty dollars!" shouted Bates.

"Why, Sammy," whispered a prudent neighbor, "she hain't worth twenty, at the outside."

"I'll gin fifty for her," replied Sam, doggedly.

Now, when Sally heard of this piece of gallantry, she must needs thank the purchaser for his compliment, and commend Sukey to his especial kindness. Then she extended her plump hand, which Sam seized with such a devouring grip that the little maiden could hardly suppress a scream.

She did suppress it, however, that she might hear whether he had anything further to say, but she was disappointed. He, turned away dumb, swallowing as it were, great chunks of grief as big as dumplings.

When everything was sold off and dinner was over, the company disposed itself about the yard in groups, reclining on the grass, or seated on benches or dismantled furniture.

The conversation naturally turned on the events of the day and the prospects of the Jones family, and it was unanimously voted a cussed pity that so fine a girl as Sally should be permitted to leave the country so evidently against her will.

"Hain't none of you sneaking whelps the spirit to stop her?" asked the white-headed miller, addressing a group of young bachelors lying near.

The louts snickered, and turned over, whispering to each other, but no one showed any disposition to try the experiment.

The sun was declining in the west. Some of those who lived at a distance were already gone to harness up the horses. To-morrow the belle of Cacapon Valley would be on her way to Missouri.

Just then Sally rushed from the house, with a face all excitement, a step all determined. Arriving in the middle of the yard, she mounted the reversed apple-butter kettle.

"I don't want to go to the west—I don't—I don't want to leave Old Virginia—and I won't leave if there's a man among ye that has got spunk enough to ask me to stay."

But where is Southern chivalry? withered beneath the sneers of cold blooded malignity? choked by the maxims of dollars jingling prudence? distanced on the circular race course of progress? bankrupt through the tricks of counterfeiting politicians?

Deluded querist, no! Like a strong and dangerous lion it sleeps—sleeps so soundly that even apes may grimace and chatter insults in its face, and pull hairs from its tail with impunity; but give it a good hard poke, and you will hear a roar that will make a coward tremble and the brave prudent.

Hearken to the sequel of Sally Jones.

Scarcely had she finished her patriotic address when there was a general rush. The less active were trampled over like puffed goat skins at a bacchanalian festival.

"Miss Sally, I axe you."

"Miss Sally, I spoke first."

"I bespoke her for my son Billy," squeaked an octogenarian, struggling forward to seize her arm.

To hide her confusion, Sally covered her face with her apron, when she felt a strong arm thrown around her, and heard a stentorian voice shout—

"She's mine, by gauler!"

Sam Bates cleared a swath as if he had been in a grain field, bore his unresisting prize into the house, and slammed the door on the cheering crowd.

The wedding came off that night, and the following morning Sam rode home, driving his white cow before and carrying his wife behind him.

ORGANIZING A GRANGE.

BY THE FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

The epidemic has at length reached our quiet little village here in Central New York, and the people are crazy to become grangers. A hardy farmer from the neighboring city of Utica came up the other night and made a stirring speech regarding the Patrons of Husbandry, as the order is called of which he claimed to be a prominent officer, and after the speech, steps were taken toward the organization of a grange. Only one farmer was present, others who came not being able to obtain admission, as the hall was crowded before they arrived. But that isn't very material in a grange I am told.

The horny-handed farmer from Utica was made chairman of the meeting, and, after several stirring speeches had been made on subjects more or less remote from agriculture, persons who desired to enroll themselves as grangers were invited to step forward. There was a great rush for the stand, when a woman's shrill voice cried, "Hold!" Elbowing her way to the front she claimed the right to be enrolled first.

"What have you done?" asked the chairman, somewhat sternly, "entitling you to be enrolled among the "Patrons of Husbandry?"

"Raised 'leven daughters," was the proud reply. "All got husbands, and if I ain't a patron of husbandry, I should like to know who is?" She was received at once with cheers!

A carpenter claimed to be something of a farmer. Said he had worked round a farm a good deal—built fences round it. He had got in a good deal of hay, too—got it in out of the rain. He added that if there was no special objection to his joining the grange he would like to become their carpenter and jobber. He was allowed to join.

A lawyer jumped upon a chair and exclaimed vociferously: "Mr. Chairman, I claim admission into this noble order—I, too, have held the plow—"

"Held it on an attachment," put in the solitary farmer sitting by, and the lawyer subsided amid the laughter of the crowd.

"I am one of you," said a strolling actor. "My lot was cast in a garden."

"In what garden?" asked the Chairman.

"Enoch (g) Arden."

He was immediately voted a benefit, and the village marshall who had a new pair of cowhide boots on treated him to a stoga.

A retired printer wanted to get in because he had toiled for years with the hoe, but on its transpiring that it was a Hoe press he was barred out.

There was a commotion at the door, and the village dressmaker, a very energetic woman, forced her way into the hall.

"Put me down as a grangeress," she cried, "for I am the champion mower."

"Mower!" shouted the assembly in one breath.

"Yes, mower. Don't my customers admit that I have mode ahead of anybody?"

She was admitted, but the chair decided they could stand no mower of that sort. She was elected Flora, and is ready to Flora man who denies her right to the honor.

One of the most extraordinary applications for membership came from a man who has made himself insane over the construction of a flying machine. He said some men had swung more scythes than he had, but he had mo'wing machines.

By the way, how singular it is that farmers are so eager to buy a reaper and mower, although it notoriously goes against the grain. It would seem as though a reaper was sufficient without buying any more. But I once knew a man to purchase a washer and wringer for his wife, because as he profanely remarked, he not only wanted a machine to washer, but to wring her neck off.

A wag asked the attention of the meeting while he read the moving poem "Little Breeches."

"What has 'Little Breeches' got to do with farming?" asked the boss granger rather testily.

"Didn't it make Hay?" replied the wag.

The wretch was let off, as it was evident he had the Hay fever.

A music teacher advised farmers who were desirous of prognosticating the weather to study the music of Strauss, as straws show which way the wind blows.

The chairman remarked sarcastically that if they kept on at that rate they could easily transpose the grange into a first-class retreat for lunatics and run the Utica Asylum clean out of the State. He added that he had organized granges among farmers in our most populous cities, but never had he encountered such pitiful ignorance regarding the farm as he found here. He hoped that they would henceforth confine themselves strictly to the business in hand.

A tailor wanted to join on the strength of "sewing," and an artist because he had drawn saw-logs-drawn them with a crayon.

A father of a large family claimed distinction on account of the years he had devoted to 'cradling,' and a preacher because of the effective manner in which he had handled the ax of the apostles.

Enough names at length enrolled, the question of the election of officers was next in order. The chairman, in looking about for a chief officer, asked who had raised the most during the past year. A man in the poultry business said, when it come to chickens, he guessed he had raised about as good "crops" as anybody.

The solitary farmer, who had had very little to say, remarked, very solemnly, that the man who was entitled, above all others, to be the chief officer, so far as raising was concerned, was now, unfortunately, serving a term in the State Prison, under the odious and oppressive laws enacted to put down the farmer.

"We'll change all that," said the horny-handed farmer from Utica; "but what did he raise?"

"He raised a ten dollar note from one!"

This nearly broke up the meeting, the crowd roaring, and the boss granger flying into a towering rage. He declared he didn't believe there was a drop of agricultural blood in the whole lot. He added, with biting sarcasm, few agricultural editors have exhibited such contemptible ignorance with regard to the farm as they had shown at the meeting. He doubted whether any individual present could explain the use of a straw-cutter in sub-soil grafting, or calculate how many gridirons it was necessary to plant in order to raise an acre of buckwheat. With this he put on his overcoat and left the hall, and was seen no more. We have since learned that he wasn't a granger at all, but a base fraud who goes about imposing upon simple villagers. But he didn't make much out of us, as the door-keeper ran away with the box receipts, one dollar and no sense. But then there was no sense in the meeting.—*New York Weekly.*

"MY ORDERS ARE TO PUNCH ALL TICKETS."—One of the principal men of the St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad got on the morning express last week. The conductor had never seen him, and consequently did not know who the gentleman with a gold-headed cane was. In a moment after the train started, the conductor passed through, and among others he tapped the railroad capitalist on the shoulder and said:

"Your ticket, sir!"

The capitalist looked up at the conductor and said:

"I carry my ticket in my face."

Again the conductor demanded his ticket, when the capitalist said as follows:

"I tell you, sir, I carry my ticket in my face," at the same time patting his cheek with the left hand.

"Very well," said the conductor, placing himself in a Heenan attitude and pushing up his sleeves, "my orders are to punch all tickets, and here goes yours."

How Messer settled the matter our reporter failed to learn.—*St. Peter Ad.*

HISTORY OF THE OLD RED CENT.—As the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French liberty, with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head of the figure succeeding this—the staid, classic dame, with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiseled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

A DANBURY young man who left on a far Western expedition was bidding his friends good-bye at the depot, when a young girl cried out, "Bring me the scalp of a Modoc won't you?" The young man, feeling a little hurt at her indifference to his departure and the dangers he was about to encounter, sadly replied, "No, Emma; you should not look for more hair until you have paid for that you now wear." The remark appeared to subdue he.

A rebellious school-boy who had thrashed his teacher recently, said he had raised old Linenduster clear out of his pumps, and a female crusader allowed the tavern-keeper's whisky had raised more disturbances than anything else.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - July 17, 1874.

JACOB TURNEY, Esq., Democrat, of Greensburg, was nominated for Congress last Tuesday in the Westmoreland, Fayette and Greene district.

WE are under obligations to Governor Hartranft for a copy of the general laws passed at the last session of the Legislature. In reference to several matters of interest to the people important changes have been made. We will publish in the *Freeman* next week at least one and perhaps two of these new acts, and will continue doing so until we have spread them all before our readers, in order that they may be fully understood by those for whom we cater.

AT the recent election in Arkansas for delegates to a convention to amend the constitution of that State, the victory of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans was complete and overwhelming, every county but two having elected *anti*-radical delegates, besides giving a Democratic majority of 70,000. This victory is the more significant from the fact that Arkansas in 1868 and in 1872 voted for Grant, or at least was made to *appear* in that unenviable attitude through the fraudulent manipulation of the ballot-boxes by radical election officers. Arkansas, now that she has shaken off carpet-bagism and all its iniquities, will start on a new career of peace and prosperity under wholesome Democratic and conservative rule, and may be counted as a certain State for the Democratic candidate for President in 1876.

THAT Chinese fire crackers are an intolerable nuisance is generally conceded, save by Young America on and about the 4th of July, and why storekeepers, knowing their dangerous character, will purchase them and at a trifling profit sell them to young and thoughtless boys, is a question easily asked but difficult to answer. As they are manufactured nowhere but in China, the only sure way of abating the nuisance would be for Congress to pass an act absolutely prohibiting their importation. The careless throwing of one in this place on the 2d inst. came very near being the cause of a destructive conflagration. The following are some of the heavier losses caused by them in various parts of the country on the 4th inst.:

Allegheny City, Pa.	$300,000
Toledo, Ohio	25,000
Circleville, Ohio	25,000
Pontiac, Illinois	200,000
Total	$550,000

THE primary election in Indiana county on Saturday, June 27th, is described as the most exciting and bitter contest of the kind that was ever known in that radical-ridden stronghold. It has heretofore been supposed that Harry White was omnipotent in the county and carried her politics in his breeches pocket, to be used at his own pleasure and convenience. The result of the primaries, however, shows conclusively that such is not the fact, and that a small and tricky politician, such as he unquestionably is, may flourish like a green bay tree for a time, but that in the end he is sure to find his proper level.—With such incessant office-seekers and spoils-hunters, there is a time beyond which the forebearance of the members of their own party ceases to be a virtue and when they will indignantly exclaim:—"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." White was a candidate for Congress and was opposed by a Republican named Laird, a farmer, we understand, but not a politician. He made no active effort to succeed, but submitted the question to the calm judgment of the voters. White canvassed the entire county and appealed to his party for its support. The result was: White, 1875; Laird, 1702; White's majority 173. If this is not a crushing defeat for the vain-glorious and egotistical Harry White, we are wholly at a loss how to construe it. It is the fatal "handwriting on the wall," and does not require the aid of a prophet to interpret it. The other counties composing the district are Armstrong, Clarion, Jefferson and Forest—the first three named having each a candidate of its own.

THE name of A. H. Fiske, Esq., of White township, this county, one of the most intelligent, energetic and unimpeachable gentlemen and democrats, of which Cambria can boast, having been mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Assembly, that gentleman has addressed a letter to a citizen of Johnstown touching this as well as other subjects.—We are indebted to the Johnstown *Democrat* of last week for the following modest but sensible extract from Mr. Fiske's letter:

"The arduous and responsible duties of a Representative at this important crisis of our State and National affairs, naturally cause me to shrink from even a contemplation of holding the office, and all the more so as there are so many able and good men in the party, aspirants it may be presumed, who could better honor and adorn the office. Yet, should the Democracy, in their wisdom assembled, call me from my obscurity to these high responsibilities with a commendable unanimity, I should probably waive my own individual scruples, bow to their pleasure, and gracefully as I could accept their call.

"I should hope, however, that before deciding to place my name before the Convention, such action should receive the approval of the leading and influential men of the party, and should feel reluctant to be the cause of any dissension, especially when we have so much need of union.

"The Constitution must be strictly obeyed, and a representative, in my opinion, should represent the whole people without distinction, guarding their interests and laboring for their best good. The people instead of cliques and rings.

"In closing permit me to say, I have never been an aspirant for office, and never in any way, even the smallest, have used any appliances—moreover suggestions—to procure a nomination or election. The offices belong to the people and it is the duty and privilege of the people to fill them with whom they please."

RESOLVED, That the delegation from this county to the Republican State Convention be and they are hereby instructed to support and use all honorable means to secure the nomination of Gen. Jacob M. Campbell for Lieutenant Governor.

The foregoing resolution was adopted by the late Republican convention of this county. While in our political opinions we are as wide apart from those entertained by Gen. Campbell as the North is from the South pole, we are free to admit that he is a gentleman in his private relations, and that as Surveyor General he discharged his official duties with credit to himself and fidelity to the State. But, notwithstanding all this, he will not be nominated. There are *two* rings in the radical party which when combined together, as they now are, will control the nominations of the State convention. One of these is the unscrupulous and corrupt Philadelphia ring, headed by the notorious William B. Mann and his creatures Leeds, Bunn, Widener, and others of the same ilk.—This ring is fatally resolved to nominate Edward M. Paxson, of Philadelphia, for Judge of the Supreme Court. The entire delegation from that city to the convention will support him and insist upon his nomination. It numbers 38 Representative and 8 Senatorial delegates—46 in all. The other ring is known as the Pittsburgh or Allegheny county ring, and is engineered by State Treasurer Mackey, Russell Errett, and other leading radicals. This ring is determined, if it can, to nominate ex-State Senator James L. Graham, of Allegheny county, for Lieutenant Governor. It is well understood that these two rings have a mutual understanding, and will play the old game of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you" in the convention. The united strength of both will be 64 votes, Allegheny county being entitled to 18. *That* will be a formidable vote in favor of Paxson and Graham, without regard to the fact that they will control a large number of votes from other sections of the State. Hence we regard their nominations as certain. Gen. Campbell, we believe, has no connection with either of these rings, and will therefore be opposed by both of them. He will, however, be strongly supported in the convention, and, if he can hold the balance of power, Mann, Mackey & Co. may meet with a crushing defeat. Such in our view will be the result of the radical nominations for Judge of the Supreme Court and Lieutenant Governor.

But aside from all this, is it true, as claimed by the radical press, that the election of its State ticket next November is absolutely certain? We do not for one moment admit it in view of the result of the recent elections in New Hampshire, Connecticut, Oregon and Arkansas, and especially not if the Democratic State convention acts prudently and judiciously by placing in nomination a competent and unobjectionable ticket—in which event Democracy will triumph and radicalism will fall never more to rise in Pennsylvania.

CUR ARCHITECTS OF RUIN.—The Charleston *News and Courier* compiles a table of returns from the office of the Comptroller-General of South Carolina to show how much of the land in the State has been sold or forfeited to the State in consequence of the inability of the owners to pay the taxes. The record is one of the most remarkable indictments against Republican rule that has been preferred during its fifteen years' career of crime. But 10 of 32 counties are reported in the table, and in two years the aggregate amount of land confiscated was 205,733 acres—an area equal to 1,103 square miles. It is within the bounds of probability to say that when the returns come in from all the counties it will be found that over *one million acres, or fifteen hundred square miles, of property* in South Carolina have in the last two years been sold or forfeited to the State for the nonpayment of taxes. This exceeds the area of the State of Rhode Island by 200 square miles. It is greater than the aggregate area of six of the principalities of Germany which are reigned over by independent sovereigns. If our people would like to have a vivid idea of this condition of things let them imagine the people in the State of Rhode Island so *taken by the throats* and plundered and squeezed by carpet bag scoundrels from other States, supported by Federal bayonets and encouraged by a great political party, that they are unable to pay the taxes imposed upon them by these adventurers, and are obliged to see their property sold from under their feet by the sheriff. Suppose this operation were performed in Rhode Island, how the people thereof would howl! And yet year after year they have voted by heavy majorities to sustain the Republican carpet-baggers in doing the same thing in the South. The head of the Republican party insulted and turned his back on a delegation of suffering South Carolinians the other day, and when the thieves, headed by Moses, entered the White House, he received them with smiles, and told them that the complaints of their victims had not prejudiced his mind against them. A party which through its official head, its Congress, its press, and its politicians has produced the ruin that prevails in South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi for the sake of enriching the offscourings of the North, who went there on plunder intent, deserves to be consigned to the bottomless pit, and it will be.—*N. Y. World.*

ABOUT half past three o'clock Friday afternoon, while the yacht A. B. Thompson, Capt. Frank Steelman, was returning from a trip and in the act of cleaning the bar opposite Atlantic City, a heavy sea struck and capsized her, and the following named persons, residents of Philadelphia, were drowned: Daniel Offley Sharpless, Esther H. Sharpless, his wife, Caroline Sharpless, Master Alfred H. Sharpless and Anna W. Roberts, daughter of E. Roberts, proprietor of the Chalfonta House, Atlantic City.

ANOTHER big flood has this week occurred in Hampshire county, Mass., the scene of the late terrible inundation, whereby houses, mills, bridges, and other movable property, was swept away, and several lives are reported to be lost. The damage, it is said, will reach $350,000.

A FACT WORTH REMEMBERING.—Five cents worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*, given to a horse twice a week, will save double that amount in grain, and the horse will be fatter, sleeker, and every way worth more money than though he did not have them.

MARRIED LADIES, under all circumstances, will find *Parson's Purgative Pills* safe; and, in small doses, a mild cathartic. They cause no griping pains or cramp.

A Wonderful Cure.

A YOUNG LADY INVALID SUDDENLY TAKES UP HER BED AND WALKS.

According to a report in two of the morning papers, says Saturday's Pittsburg *Leader*, the days of miracles are not over yet, if the sudden and wonderful recovery of an invalid girl in this city can be accounted for in no other way, and if the papers referred to are to be believed.

Some seven months ago a young lady residing in the Fifth ward of this city met with a painful, though it was thought at the time, not a serious accident of the spine. In a very short time the young lady became a sufferer from spinal irritation, and about ten months ago she was confined to her bed, and there she has lain ever since until a week ago. Not only this, but she suffered agony, and as the result of the long confinement in one position, her flesh became sore and her skin became greatly inflamed and discolored. Gradually she became emaciated to the last degree, until it seemed that only bones were hidden beneath her skin, and so weak was she that an attempt to lift her caused her to faint; and all the time she suffered great agony.

The injury soon produced a complication of diseases that seemed to involve every organ in the body, and the attempt to combat one set of symptoms developed a new and equally painful and troublesome set. The case utterly baffled medical skill and was pronounced hopeless.

The young lady and her family being members of the Roman Catholic church, she was visited daily by priests and sisters of that church. As it became evident that without some special and apparently impossible aid the young lady must die, and that very soon, it was decided to institute a service known in the Catholic church as the "Novena." This consists in holding prayer services simultaneously in all the churches in the community for a certain number of days, and the patient co-operates with constant and earnest prayer. This was done, and in the meantime the aid of church relics was called in. A piece of the wood of the "true cross" was rubbed daily over the sore places of the patient's body, and water from the so-called miraculous well of Lourdes, in France, was also regularly applied.

On Sunday last the time of prayer service expired, and on that day the mother of the sick girl, while moving about the room, was startled to hear her daughter speak in her natural voice, the voice that had not been heard before for weeks; and she was more startled at the words that the voice uttered. The girl, who up to this time had been sinking rapidly to death, who could not be lifted without fainting, and who could not even be moved in bed, announced that she "felt perfectly well, and she tho't she would get up and dress herself." The mother sorrowfully thought this was the final flash of energy that sometimes announces coming death, and, that her child's last wish might not be thwarted, she gave her permission to make the attempt to rise. Her astonishment increased many fold when she saw her daughter not only make the attempt, but actually arise from the bed, put on some clothing and walk across the floor. Nor did this prove the final struggle of a dying energy. The strength that had come so suddenly and so wonderfully remained. Already, on this first day, light had come back into the dimmed eyes, the suffering of long sickness had disappeared, the sore places on the body had been healed, and the appetite which had departed so long ago had come back. This was to all appearance the return of permanent and sound health. On returning to her bed the girl was able to change her position at will and with perfect comfort. The next day brought the same experiences, and probably no physician was ever more profoundly astonished than the attending physician in this case, when he came in to visit the dying girl and found this marvelous convalescence in progress.

A week has now elapsed since this remarkable occurrence, and every day since that young lady has arisen and dressed herself, walked without pain wherever she desired, sat by the window, and followed her inclinations like other people. Her strength is rapidly coming back to its old standard, her voice has its natural strength, and her appetite demands as much food as any healthy person consumes. In short, the bed-ridden girl shows all the indications of firmly re-established health.

The physician who had principal charge of the case was never so puzzled and astonished in his life. He thinks it is a *bona fide* recovery, and that the medical treatment did not accomplish the wonderful result. The clergy and the friends of the convalescent girl claim her recovery as an actual miracle, wrought by faith and earnest prayer.

It is certainly a mystery beyond the comprehension of man, and has excited no little speculation.

A MIRACLE AT LOURDES.—The *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard* is responsible for the following: "Mrs. Baker, an American lady, on the 25th of May arrived at Lourdes with her husband and sister, both of whom are Protestants. About a year before, Mrs. Baker met with a serious accident, by which her spine was dislocated. She had suffered acutely, had been paralyzed during the winter, and at the time of her visit to Lourdes was quite unable to go up or down stairs. For two days after her arrival she was unable to bear the short drive from the town to the Grotto, but on the morning of the 28th she made up her mind to brave the cold and the suffering entailed by any movement. She went in a carriage to the Grotto and was assisted down into the bath. On entering the bath her sufferings became more acute and seemed almost beyond her powers of endurence. Her sister, in the true spirit of a Protestant, exclaimed, "There was no need for you to come to Lourdes to take a cold water bath." But the faith of the poor lady never failed for a moment. She begged her sister to rub her limbs. Immediatly an indescribable feeling of comfort took the place of her pain, and she was cured. In a few moments she hastened to the Grotto to return thanks to Our Lady the Health of the Sick. Her husband knelt beside her, joining his thanksgiving with those that arose from her heart. He has since published a letter giving an account of her former state, and declaring that she is perfectly well and able to walk as she used to do in her youth."

BE CAREFUL.—In these days, when tight hats, hot air, and sedentary occupations, cause the hair to fall out, it is a matter of no little importance to know which of the hair preparations are of *any* value. The majority, as has been frequently proved by the first dermatologists, or hair-doctors, possess little or no merit. Such being the fact, it is consoling to those who are afflicted to know there is really *one good article*, which is recommended and used by the first medical authority, and has stood every test, many years. This preparation is Hall's VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER,—a truly scientific compound, which is unquestionably the best preparation of the kind now before the American public. It will restore to gray hair its original color, cleanse the head thoroughly, cure all eruption of the scalp; and will always restore the hair so long as any germs remain, as they almost invariably do, until extreme old age has destroyed the roots. The original article is made by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.—*Forney's Press, Jan. 25, 1868.*

Cruelly Cremated Chicago.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION—ENTIRE BLOCKS REDUCED TO ASHES—GREAT LOSS OF PROPERTY.

CHICAGO, July 14.—A fire started about 4:30 P. M. in a small frame house near Fourth avenue and Polk street. It was at first blown southward by a stiff breeze, but the wind soon shifted, and by sunset the breeze blew a gale from the south, sending the fire to the central part of the city.

At half past six o'clock the fire had made almost a clean sweep up to the corner of Third avenue and Polk street,

BURNING UP THE HOMES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE.

At the above corner the fire department commenced the process of blowing up buildings with gunpowder, but the buildings experimented with were small wooden affairs, and would only have the effect of making a quicker blaze of them, the wind blowing as it does very fresh from about south southwest. The fire is now on the verge of the fire line of our big fire at Harrison street. The west side of Wabash avenue is now in a full blaze, which takes many a stately building in its course which offered a haven of refuge in the winter of 1871. The fire is just in the rear of the First Baptist church, and should that go down, the fire will have

A CLEAR SWEEP

to the northward and eastward, and the Exposition building will in all likelihood be the final prey of the fire, and as that is immediately on the lake shore, there will be nothing further for the fire to feed upon provided we have the good fortune to not have a change of wind.

A DENSE, BLACK PALL OF SMOKE

is hanging over the expected course of the fire, dropping its advance messengers of cinders on the roofs of buildings, although private citizens are doing their utmost to do all that is in their power trying to prevent the fire getting a hold upon their homes. Yet the effort is as futile as for a child to make the attempt. The

ROAR OF THE ADVANCING FURNACE

has the sound of our old calamity. Nothing short of its final plunge into Lake Michigan will quench it. Our streets within a mile of the conflagration are crowded with teams of every description, loaded to their utmost capacity with household goods, although store keepers who are so fortunate as to secure a team are endeavoring to save their most valuable stock. Whenever a vacant space north of the fire can be found it is at once filled with goods of all descriptions and variety. Men, women and children are doing their utmost to save their "little all," and bringing it to some place of safety.

THE WORK OF THE FIRE

from this on will burn up as much in five minutes as it has previously in fifteen, considering the value in dollars and cents. The heat is very great, and no doubt that in addition to the pecuniary losses we will have to mourn the

LOSS OF LIVES,

as it is next to impossible for a fire of this magnitude and fury, and burning through as closely a settled district as this has, without calling for many a human sacrifice. As the post-office is directly in the line of the conflagration, its employes will have all they can do to save the mail matter in the building, and consequently there will be no mails leave the city this evening, and there can by no possibility be one sent before to-morrow evening should the Department be successful in saving their valuables. The principal lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company running east, running through State street, have all been burnt, some forty wires, but as the lines on Canal street are out of all possible danger there will be no interruption of telegraphic communication.

The fire has burnt over so far about half a mile in length and some four blocks in width, and although the explosion of gunpowder still is heard every little while, there is still little hope of staying the fire short of the limits given above.

STILL LATER.

On Wednesday afternoon another fire broke out in Chicago, separate and distinct from the conflagration of the night previous, and destroyed eighteen houses, principally wooden structures. The first fire—that of Tuesday night—was reported under control when the second fire occurred. The entire loss is computed at nearly $5,000,000, three hundred and forty-four houses having been destroyed and fully fifteen squares burned over. Five or six lives are reported lost.

DEATH OF BISHOP WHELAN.—The Right Rev. Richard Vincent Whelan, who died in Baltimore on Tuesday, was in his sixty-sixth year, having been born in that city in the month of January, 1809. He was educated at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, and completed his theological studies and was ordained at Rome. On returning to this country, he was appointed to missionary labors, his first field of duty embracing Harper's Ferry, Martinsburg, Bath, Winchester and the surrounding country. On the 21st of March, 1841, he was consecrated Bishop of Richmond in the Cathedral of Baltimore by the late Archbishop Eccleston. At a meeting of the Provincial Council, held in that city in 1850, it was determined, on his recommendation, to divide the State of Virginia into two dioceses, and at his urgent request, that being the hardest field of labor, he was transferred to the newly created See of Wheeling. The Baltimore *Gazette* says: "As a citizen of Wheeling he was universally respected. He contributed largely to the building up of that city, and will be deeply lamented, not only by members of his own Church, but by all classes of the population. He was a man of much and varied learning, and took a very prominent part in the late Vatican Council. In manner he was unostentatious, courteous and kind, but firm on all occasions when he felt firmness was needed. He never spared himself in the work he had to do, and exacted obedience and a little energy from others. His loss will be greatly felt, and his place will be difficult to fill in the diocese of which he was virtually the founder, and was certainly the active spirit. His life was one of self-denial, and his works bear testimony to the greatness of his labors." The final funeral ceremonies took place at Wheeling on Friday last, at which were present Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore; Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Rosecrauz, of Columbus; Gibbons, of Richmond; Becker, of Wilmington; Domenec, of Pittsburgh, and other perelates.

—Some four or five boys went out sailing on Friday at Pembroke, Me., and the boat was upset. The oldest boy, about eighteen years old, a son of John Babcock, a workman in the iron works, made the rest take hold of the gunwale of the boat while he went behind and began to push her ashore. One of the boys let go and sank, when the Babcock boy dived down and brought him up, making him again take hold of the boat. After going a short distance the boy again let go and sank, when Babcock, as before, dived and brought him up, after which he went to the stern of the boat again and began pushing her ashore, but was taken with cramps, and sank before reaching the shore. The body was recovered two hours afterwards.

THE State Teachers Association meets at Shippensburg Aug. 11th.

News and Political Items.

—A lightning stroke killed Mr. Samuel Howard and a little child at Chester the other day.

—Patrick Norton died of apoplexy at Tamaqua on Saturday while singing "Shamus O'Brien."

—The most terrific storm ever witnessed in that section passed over Holt county, Mo., on Thursday. The damage is immense.

—Bishop James O'Gorman, of the Roman Catholic Church, died suddenly at Omaha, on the 4th inst., of cholera morbus. He was sixty years old.

—During a severe thunder-storm on Saturday, the house of Levi Harrison, in Trumbull, Conn., was struck by lightning, and his wife and daughter were killed.

—Mrs. Woodhull has delivered a lecture in San Francisco on the Beecher-Tilton scandal. She affirms the truth of her original story and justifies Beecher on free love grounds.

—The fund contributed by Philadelphia for the relief of the sufferers by the disastrous flood in Louisiana reached the handsome amount of twenty-three thousand dollars and upwards.

—Loftus, of Gravesville, Wisconsin, who not long ago murdered his wife and then boasted of the deed, on Saturday last was arraigned and plead guilty. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

—Mrs. Minser, a lady in her 87th year, while sitting in her house at Pierceton, Ind., the other day, was stung on the neck by a honey bee, which caused her death in less than twenty minutes afterward.

—A Boston dispatch says: "The report from Washington of the intended resignation of Vice President Wilson has no foundation in fact. The Vice President's health is better than it has ever been since his illness."

—A long railroad bridge at Lewistown, Mifflin county, blew down on the Fourth, carrying 28 freight cars with it. One person was killed and several wounded. The storm extended as far east as Harrisburg and was of the nature of a tornado.

—Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, is living in Camden, N. J., and on week days follows the profession of hatter in Philadelphia. He preaches every Sunday in the Independent Methodist church, in Camden, where he is very popular.

—Geneva Lake has a rare natural curiosity. On a single rose stalk are blooming side and side on two small *y* shaped branches several common pink roses and a number of beautiful white moss roses. The bush grew from a root and has never been grafted.

—For the first time in sixty years there was a failure to hoist the flag over the Capitol at Washington this Fourth of July. There was a fitness in the blunder. The edifice in which has just been passed an infamous law to restrain freedom of the press should not be surmounted by the flag of freedom.

—A correspondent of the *National Mail* says while a party of Pennsylvania legislators were disporting themselves in the water at Cape May a respectable sized shark made his appearance, but refused to partake. There is no relief for Pennsylvania in that direction; the people will have to look out for themselves.

—Gen. G. P. T. Beauregard has received the appointment of Chief Engineer of the Argentine Republic, S. A., with a salary of $20,000 in gold per annum, and he will sail from New York for South America within a few days. He will have charge of the defensive works, and will also superintend the explorations of the Platte River.

—Early Sunday morning last Mrs. John Meats, residing about ten miles south of McConnellsburg, Pa., while laboring under a state of mental aberration, seized a gun, and while her husband was sleeping, shot and killed him instantly. She then with a razor inflicted a horrible wound upon the head and neck of one of her children, and with a pitchfork almost killed another.

—Under the new postal law, which allows four pounds of merchandise to go through the mails for thirty-two cents, the forwarding of samples, instruments, &c., by mail has been largely increased. The highest postal rate for four pounds is about as low as that of the express companies to near points, and much lower than express rates to more distant parts of the country.

—It is stated that several more conductors on the Middle and Western Divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad were removed from their positions by the proper officials. Detective officers have been riding upon the passenger trains for some time past with a view of discovering whether there has been any "knocking down" in progress among the gentlemen who have been acting in the capacity of conductors.

—A woman walked into Tionesta from the other side of Lickingville, in Clarion county, a distance of ten miles, the hottest day this week, says the Forest *Press*, and carried twenty pounds of butter and a six months' old baby. Robinson bought the butter for twenty cents a pound and the baby she carried back home. Her husband had ridden into town the day before, to find out the state of the market.

—A terrible boiler explosion occurred on Monday, at the steam saw mill two miles east of Garland, Warren county. The mill is owned by Hoskins, McNatt & Prentice. The explosion occurred in the afternoon, when three of the employes were in the mill. Two of these were killed instantly and the other one seriously injured by the steam and being thrown against the mill. He is not expected to live. The loss to the company is $4,000.

—A country bumpkin in Richfield county, Wisconsin, named Zaun, has got into some trouble by sending $100 as bribe-money to the new Chief Justice of Wisconsin. Judge Ryan turned the whole case over to the Attorney General, with instructions to proceed against the countryman. The incident does not speak well for the esteem in which the elective judiciary of Wisconsin is held. Judge Ryan is a man of unimpeachable integrity.

—A party of eight or nine farmers, mostly Germans, residing in Oregon township, five miles south of Toledo, Ohio, got into a fight last Sunday night while returning home from a saloon where they had been spending the day. Mich'l Smith was stabbed and killed, and John Simmons mortally wounded. All the others were more or less injured with knife thrusts. It appears that a feud has for some time existed between some of the parties. Several arrests have been made.

—In Southern and Western Kentucky not enough rain has fallen at any one time in the last three months to lay the dust. The crops are almost entirely destroyed. Of tobacco there will be scarcely any crop. Corn and oats are very small, but wheat is the best crop for many years. Much destitution is already reported, and the Governor is petitioned to convene the Legislature to devise some means of relief. In the mountain districts actual cases of starvation are reported.

—Ira Brewer of Pottstown, Pa., was for thirty years an inveterate fishermar. Almost every day found him out among the trout streams, and he never tired of the sport. His diversion brought ills, however, and a year ago rheumatism, produced by exposure in bad weather, laid him up. But he is determined to fish. He has had a tank built in his yard, into which live trout are put; and there he sits every afternoon, propped up in an easy chair, throwing the fly, landing the fish, and having a vast amount of fun.

—Alluding to the impression which seems to be prevalent in the East that nearly the entire State of Minnesota is overrun with grasshoppers, and that the crop is utterly destroyed, the *Press* Tuesday published a statement showing that the total damage done by the grasshoppers' raid is equivalent simply to one-twelfth of the usual crop. The plague extends over only about one-tenth of the area of the State, and involves about one thirteenth of the population. The crops outside of the devasted regions promise a most abundant yield.

—Here is another important decision against the telegraph: Some four years ago a business firm in Maine telegraphed to a firm in Chicago by the Western Union line, for 10,000 bushels of corn, but the dispatch was made to read 1,000, and before the error could be corrected, corn rose, and the firm lost $900. It was a night message, and the usual agreement that the company shall not be liable for blunders was signed, but the Supreme Court decided that such a contract, being "against public policy," is void, and awarded the amount claimed.

—Addie Miller, an Albany girl, was forbidden by her parents to marry. She would have disobeyed, but her sweetheart was more mindful and would not elope. The third of July was the day appointed for the wedding until the match was broken off. On that day Miss Miller went to Cohoes and drowned herself in the Mohawk. She was missed, and the story went that she had gone away with a gambler. Even her unsteadfast lover believed this, and was glad that he had not made so bad a girl his wife. A few days later her body was found, and then the details of her suicide were traced out.

—A correspondent of the Vicksburg *Herald* gives an account of a machine for converting cotton, just as it is taken from the field, into thread. He says that the process is in actual use in the Mountain Cotton Mills, near Bolton, on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, and that the thread there spun is fully one-third stronger than a thread of equal size made of cotton that has passed through the complicated machinery of common cotton mills. The new machinery costs only $250, and is so simple that he believes it can be transferred to the cotton fields of the South and effect a great saving in the cost of packing and transporting this staple to northern markets.

—An incident of the Jack Evans order recently occurred at Poughkeepsie. A woman was crossing the railroad track utterly oblivious of the express train that was rushing down upon her. Men hallooed to her, but she did not hear them, and in a few seconds more she would have been run down and crushed. An engineer of a switch engine, seeing her peril, reached her in two mighty leaps, and seizing her by the waist, drew her out of danger. As soon as her feet touched the ground she turned and struck the engineer a sounding blow on the cheek, then realizing her position and the imminent danger she had been rescued from, fell upon her knees and wept. Persons afflicted with poesy are requested not to use this as a theme.

—A wager was made a few days ago among a number of workmen in a steam planing mill in West Chester, that one of their number could not remain in the drying-room of the mill, which has a constant temperature of about 140°, for a period of one hour. The man accepted the bet; the "stakes," which were only one dollar a side, were placed in the hands of a shopmate, and the heated apartment under the mill was entered, and the test of endurance began. The fellow won his dollar, remaining for the stipulated time, but the lean, gaunt, emaciated figure that came out of the furnace required more than a dollar's worth of provender to supply the loss of flesh which the hour's experience at roasting alive had occasioned.

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of JOHN MCCULLOUGH, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate will please make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them with proper vouchers for settlement.

JOHN JONES, Executor.
Allegheny Twp., July 3, 1874.-6t.*

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1874
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April 17, 1874.-3m.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - JULY 18, 1874.

Announcements.

FOR ASSEMBLY,

JACOB S. KEIL,

WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP,

subject to the decision of the Democratic Convention.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized by Mr. NATHANIEL HORNE, to announce his name as one of candidates for Assembly from this district, under the provisions of the new constitution. Mr. HORNE submits his case to the convention and will, like all good men, submit and abide by the decision.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

The undersigned will be a candidate before the Democratic Convention for the offices of Prothonotary of Cambria county, subject to the decision of the Democratic party, and hopes to receive the worthy the support of his party friends for that position. A. J. CHRISTY.

Loretto, June 5, 1874.*

FOR COMMISSIONER.

Having the same indisputable right to be considered, as the case may be, for the office of Commissioner that is possessed by "any other man," the subscriber hangs out on the outer wall and declares his intention to serve the "dear people" to the best of his ability, provided, and provided the approaching County Convention see fit to place his name on the Democratic ticket. JOHN SHARBAUGH.

Carrolltown, June 10, 1874.

FOR POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.

THE NAME OF

WILLIAM McDERMITT,

of Washington Township,

is hereby presented to his friends to the consideration of the approaching Democratic County Convention for the office of Poor House Director for the county. MANY.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

Mr. Spangler has gone it, head tall and all.

The Catholic church at Wilmore is undergoing extensive repairs.

Mrs. Sarah A. Fisher fell dead in Kernville (Johnstown) on Monday last.

Eastern Pennsylvania is said to be infested with horse thieves. Watch them.

Thanks to Messrs. Brothers Woodruff, but no thanks given or scalped "injin" in it, if you please.

Mr. Wolf, of Kernville, had one of his fingers mashed on Friday evening last at the Cambria rolling mill.

Mr. Watt, a railroad engineer, had one leg badly crushed by a locomotive at Altoona on Saturday last.

The Cresson Furnace Mills, in Huntingdon county, owned by Mr. J. A. Haggerty, were burned on the 3d inst., involving a loss of $25,000.

A wagon ran over the right foot of a man named John Fisher, of Kernville (Johnstown), on Friday morning last, and demolished badly.

The "Fat Furnace" is the name of a furnace in Blair county at which an ox was roasted a few days the other day and made way with.

Mrs. Stulz, the venerable and much esteemed mother of Mrs. Jas. Quinn, of Hollidaysburg, fell from a chair the other day and broke one of her arms.

Many of the blast furnaces recently blown out in Johnstown resumed operations again on Monday. Glorious news that. May the same sort speedily follow.

An old man named Levi Dimond, a resident of Taylor township, was run over and instantly killed by a freight train at Hollidaysburg on Saturday last.

The strawberry and ice cream festival will be held at Wilmore to-morrow (Saturday) evening, by the new Lutheran church in that place. May it be a pecuniary success.

A man who was no doubt insane ran in front of a moving train at Pittsburgh, on Tuesday morning, and was instantly killed. The jury brought in the verdict on the motion in arrest of judgment for a new trial in the case of the man charged with rape, will be tried at the Hollidaysburg District Court to-morrow.

Two persons were killed and five more or less injured by the terrible tornado which passed Johnstown and vicinity on the 7th inst., while the loss in property is estimated at $100,000.

A man named Harris has been in Huntingdon county for filling up his dog for scalp bounties and receiving the same. He will likely get a term in the Penitentiary.

The property belonging to the Kittanning Iron Company at Hollidaysburg, Clearfield county, was fire not long since, and is reported as only partially insured in the companies. Loss heavy, this is old news.

Albert James, brother of Editor James Allison, of the Altoona Tribune and a member in good standing of the typographical fraternity, is the happy father of a fine boy from Connorsville, Ind., where he first saw the light of his childhood in this place. Both parents have been born to a Sunday-school friend of ours within a period of two months or less—twins twice over. Well done, M——we almost envy you in the effort to make a rhyme.

Mr. Ritter, employe on the gravel train between Hollidaysburg and Williamsburg, was pinned to the earth and instantly killed on Wednesday of last week by a rock which became detached from above upon him.

The extensive warehouse of A. M. Lloyd & Co., Johnstown, was entered by burglars on Monday morning last, the safes blown open, from which bonds were abstracted. The villains made their escape and have not been apprehended.

A man trying to fill a lighted gasoline stove in Bertrand's meat market, in the Mansion House, a few evenings ago, set the fluid catching fire and ensuing explosion and can in a sheet of flame for a short time threatened the premises.

It is said that the working hours in the rolling mill shops are soon to be increased to ten hours per day and seven days in the week, instead of five days will hereafter constitute a week's work; but then rumor says lots of things, especially when it is not correct.

A fire broke out on Wednesday night last in a house in Johnstown, owned by a widow named Chas. Throne, residing below Latrobe, and killed the cat.

He was sitting on the track with the bung-hole of a keg of beer to his mouth when he met his terrible fate. He leaves a wife and family.

Mr. A. L. Byrnes, who accompanies the Johnstown *Tribune*, during the summer, in his concertizing tour, and who entertains him on a parlor organ in Byrnes' house, is a genial gentleman and an accomplished manipulator of *organic* matter, as is his estimable friend Frank himself, considered one of the whitest places on a foot into.

Carrolltown, on Thursday of last week, Rev. Bishop Domenec, of Pittsburgh, united Miss Alice Adams, of East Carroll, and Miss Kate McCoy, of Conemaugh, with the white veil of the wedded, the former taking the name of Gertrude, in religion and the latter Sister Do Sales.

Business has prevented us from attending the fourth annual commencement of the Seminary in this place, but from the exercises were alike creditable to the young people who took part in the entertainment, and the accomplished principal of this popular and well known institution of learning.

Mr. Swatzwelder had the misfortune to lose the index finger of his left hand on Friday last, while working at a shingle machine in the employ of Mr. James Hawks, near Chest Springs. The amputation was complete, the finger being sawed off close up to the hand, and little finger alone left on the left hand.

—Life is so short that to be fully enjoyed it is well to remember that Myers & Lloyd can furnish apparel and provender too at prices much cheaper than other folks do.

—The store and post-office building at St. Augustine, occupied by Miss Alice Wharton, postmistress, was entered by one or more of the light-fingered gentry, on Friday night last, who helped themselves to about sixty dollars' worth of merchandise. Entrance was gained by prying open the shutter of one of the front windows.

—A valuable span of horses belonging to ex-Sheriff Blair broke through the overshot of the barn on the farm owned by that gentleman, in Cambria township, on the 7th inst., and were both injured quite severely. Mr. Wm. Mills had his left hand painfully lacerated while attempting to extricate the horses from their unpleasant position.

—St. Lawrence, Chest township, proposes to indulge in a grand pic-nic on Monday, Aug. 10th, the proceeds from which are to be expended in the purchase of instruments for a brass band about to be formed in connection with the St. Lawrence congregation. They expect to have a joyful time of it, and hope that everybody will take a hand in the festivities.

—Among the sufferers by the terrible fire in Allegheny City on the 4th inst., whereby some $300,000 worth of property was destroyed through the agency of a fire-cracker, we regret to note the name of our whilom typographical friend, Mr. James E. Hartzell, formerly of Johnstown, who lost house and furniture to the value of $3,000 or more, and who is out of pocket some $800 over and above his insurance. More's the pity.

—During a violent thunder storm on Wednesday night of last week, the barn on the farm owned by Mr. Joseph Bender, of Carroll township, situate on the road leading from Kaylor's station to Loretto, was struck by lightning and destroyed. The farm was in the occupancy of Mr. John Albighter, a son-in-law of Mr. Bender's. We learn that Mr. A. lost a cow and calf by the fire, but that there was no hay or grain in the barn at the time.

—A gay and festive youth from the vicinity of Wilmore essayed to trip the "light fantastic toe" with a buxom lass of the Teutonic persuasion at a New Germany pic-nic, not long since, but in his awkwardness he trod on the pet corn of the muscular lass, whereupon she became so indignant that she caught him by the slack of the neck and the nape of his unmentionables and landed him on all fours on the outer limits of the dancing platform.

—Prof. Light didn't "light out" of Hollidaysburg in his balloon on the Fourth, as per programme, owing to unsurmountable difficulties, but he did go up on Monday evening, ascending to an altitude of 1,000 feet and alighting on a farm some three miles distant from the starting point. The scarcity of gas prevented him from taking his basket with him, and the ascension was therefore made with the daring aeronaut perched upon the ring in which the basket usually rests.

—Comical Conly is certainly worthy of being called a man of many faces, but we rather think our artist friend Spence takes him down a peg or two in that particular. At least that's the way it looks at his photograph gallery, where the human face divine can be photographed true to life in the best style of the art, on the shortest notice, and at prices that none can find fault with. Photographs of the irrepressible Conly now on exhibition and sale at Spence's Photograph Gallery, High street, Ebensburg. Buy one.

—A man named Joseph W. Gallagher was brought to jail here on Monday last and committed for trial on a charge of attempted rape on the person of a married woman whose maiden name was Elizabeth Ounkst, formerly of Blair county, but whose name now, being a married woman, if we are rightly informed, we did not learn. The offence was committed, if committed at all, in Clearfield township. The accused was released on Wednesday on $500 bail, Mr. Peter Krise entering into recognizances in the above sum for his appearance to answer.

—D. S. Balsinger, brother of Jesse Balsinger, of this place, was killed almost instantly at Braddock's Fields, on Tuesday of last week, by the explosion of a boiler in a saw mill in which he was employed as engineer. The unfortunate man was formerly a resident of Johnstown, where his parents at present reside, and where we knew him well and appreciated him highly for his social and kindly disposition. He was aged about 38 years, and leaves a wife and several children to mourn his shocking and untimely death. His remains were brought to Johnstown and interred in Sandy Vale cemetery.

—Cresson Springs, which have gained a world-wide and most enviable reputation as a summer resort under the management of Geo. W. Mullin, Esq., is this year presided over by Mr. Geo. K. Mullin, a son of the above named gentleman, who is eminently qualified by nature and by experience to fill his father's shoes to perfection and maintain the great name and well deserved fame of this lovely Eden of the Alleghenies. Clever, obliging, energetic and attentive to the wants of his many guests, the success of our young friend as a caterer to the refined tastes and epicurian appetites of his numerous patrons cannot for a moment be doubted.

—We indulged in a very pleasant but very hurried trip to Omaha last week in company with our esteemed friend John G. Lake, Esq., and of course came home with the intention of giving our readers the benefit (?) of our brief experience, but found so much demanding our attention and so great a stress upon our columns that we could neither afford the time nor the space necessary to say our say this week. We owe too much, however, to the kindness of friends through whom the necessary "passes" were obtained and to our own literary fame (?) to pass the trip over in silence, and hence shall endeavor to write it up for our next issue.

—Annie, eldest daughter of Mr. John D. Thomas, of this place, made a narrow escape from being burned to death on the morning of the 5th inst. She was engaged at the time in starting a fire in the cook stove, and was in the act of reaching over a lighted lamp to put kindling in the stove, when her dress caught fire. As none of the family were astir at the time, she ran at once to her father's room, and arousing him by her screams he succeeded in tearing the burning clothes from her body before serious injury resulted. Although severely burned, the little sufferer is now getting along finely.

—Mr. David B. Williams, one of the editorial corps of the Altoona *Tribune*, spent last Saturday afternoon in this place, but as we were then on our return from a western jaunt we did not have the pleasure of meeting him. Mr. W. is a native of Ebensburg, having been born here in 1820. He mastered the "art preservative" in the office of the *Sky*, a paper published here some forty years ago, and left this place in 1836, and previous to Saturday had not visited our town since 1858. He is an able and versatile writer, and was warmly welcomed by many of his old time friends and numerous relatives who still reside in our midst.

—The strong hold which the inimitable Conly has on the hearts of our amusement loving people was strikingly manifested by the immense audiences which greeted him at his entertainments in this place on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. Frank is certainly one of the most accomplished vocalists and perfect mimics that ever "appeared in public on the stage," and his musical lectures are not only brimful of fun and sentiment, but are presented in a style so graceful and so perfectly irresistible that even the most confirmed cynic could not resist their genial influences. Besides that, Conly is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and has the ability to make himself respected and appreciated wherever fun and friendship find frequent favor.

—The poorest economy that any man, and especially a property-holder, can indulge in is to stop his county paper. It is not possible for a newspaper to be printed a whole year without containing many things of more value to its readers than the paltry two dollars required to pay for it. A case in point occurred only yesterday. A gentleman who dispensed with the FREEMAN some time ago came back again and subscribed for it, giving as a reason that some of his land had been advertised for sale by the County Treasurer and would have been sold without his knowledge had not a friend incidentally informed him of the fact that it had been advertised for sale. Henceforth he proposes to abandon "the penny wise and pound foolish" policy and stick to his county paper.

—The worthy pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, Father Christy, who has labored in our midst for nearly ten years, is just now in exceedingly delicate health, and by the advice of his physician and with the consent of his Bishop he has concluded to go to the sea shore for a short time, in hopes of regaining his wasted energies. In view of this fact, it would be a holy and a wholesome thought for his parishioners to testify their appreciation of his great labors here by making him an offering on Sunday next which would gladden his heart and cheer his drooping spirits in this time of severe bodily affliction. This suggestion has been made to us by a most exemplary lady member of his congregation, and is published without the knowledge of the Rev. gentleman interested.

—The contract for sinking the artesian well in this place has been awarded to our gentlemanly friend, Mr. R. R. Wilkins, of Parker's Landing, his bid being deemed the most moderate, all things considered. For the first 500 feet he is to receive $3,000; for the next 250 feet at the rate of $1.75 per foot; for the next 250 feet $2 per foot; and for the next 300 feet $3 per foot. If water in sufficient quantity is not found at that depth (1,200 feet) and the borough authorities conclude to go further, the contractor is to be paid $5 for each additional foot, as heavier machinery will then be required. Mr. W., who has given bonds in the required amount for the faithful performance of his contract, is required to keep a record of the different strata of the earth's formation he passes through. Work has already been commenced in the way of getting out timbers for the derrick, and the enterprise will be pushed forward to a successful completion as rapidly as possible.

—We were never more painfully surprised than we were when the news reached us that Mr. Thomas Carland, a former Altoona merchant in good standing and a gentleman of heretofore unimpeachable integrity, had been arrested in Philadelphia for arson, he having, it is alleged, secured an insurance of $1,500 on a stock of liquors valued at only $300; and then set fire to the establishment containing the same—a tavern kept by him in that city. The evidence as to his guilt, if newspaper reports can be relied on, is very direct and seemingly undeniable, but we certainly think that if he committed the crime he was not in his right mind, for our knowledge of him forbids the idea of imputing such an act to a man in whom we reposed so much confidence. He has been held in $3,000 to answer, and in the meantime the anguish of his stricken wife and family, who still reside in Altoona, may be better imagined than described. May God, in His mercy send them comfort in their great affliction!

—In the District Court, Johnstown, last week, the following sentences for criminal offence, were imposed: Cyrus Horner, larceny, $5 fine, with costs, and six months in county jail; Mrs. Gall, adultery, $25 fine, with costs, and three months in county jail; David Farner, aggravated assault and battery, $10 fine, with costs, and three months in county jail; James Gore, same offence and same sentence; Wilson Patterson, jr., (colored,) larceny of a pair of boots, costs and fine as above and six months in the county jail; Thomas Parfitt, aggravated assault and battery, fine and costs as above and twenty days in jail. The accused were all brought to this place on Saturday and are now serving out their fine sentences. In the same Court Archie Horner was found guilty of fornication with Mrs. Gall and sentenced to pay a fine of $75 and costs of prosecution; John Cooper, convicted of assault and battery, had to sock up $5 and costs; and Chas. Lambaugh, for fornication and bastardy, received the usual sentence.

THE FOURTH IN EBENSBURG.—It is too late now to enter into a detailed description of the events that transpired here on the Fourth of July, but we may say that both of the pic-nics on that festive occasion were replete with good feeling and the best of enjoyment, and that nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the day. Add to this the fact that the Altoona City Band, one of the finest musical organizations in the State, paid our town an impromptu visit and discoursed with a liberal hand, or, more properly speaking, liberal lips, the most delightful music that our people have ever listened to, and it will readily be admitted that Ebensburg was indeed "gay and happy" while the fun lasted. With an $800 set of silver instruments in the hands of such gentlemen as Larry Matthews, C. W. Stewart, A. Clabaugh, Benj. Williams, Andrew Kipple, James Matthews, H. A. Dumbaugh, John H. Kleffman, Charles Stout, Charles Fettinger, Samuel M'Cormick and A. C. Brown, members of the above named band, nothing but the very best of music could be looked for, and we are sure that our citizens enjoyed it hugely. May we soon again welcome to our midst the Altoona City Band, composed as it is of as perfect gentlemen and accomplished musicians as ever manipulated a horn or twirled a lid. The Loretto Cornet Band and our own Silver Cornet Band also did good service and won the encomiums of their brother musicians of Altoona as well as of our own people. Both these bands are making rapid progress in the road to musical excellence, and it shall ever be our pleasure to give them a word of encouragement whenever the opportunity offers.

A MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. Valentine Dumm, who resides about two miles north-east of Carrolltown, and his brother Daniel, whose home is in Altoona, but who was then on a visit to the first named gentleman, went out some time during the forenoon of the 4th inst., to hunt squirrels, each one carrying a rifle. Shortly after starting they came to a wheat field, Daniel going around to the side next the woods, leaving his brother on the opposite side. Ere long the former saw a red squirrel on the fence, and raising his rifle fired at and killed it, but, sad to relate, at that very instant Daniel, unseen by his brother, emerged from the woods in a direct line with the rifle, and the shocking result was that the ball penetrated his brain and inflicted a wound which produced death in about one hour after. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetary at Carrolltown on Sunday. He was about twenty years of age and was a plasterer by trade. His brother who was the innocent cause of his untimely death, is suffering the most intense mental anguish in consequence of the sad and distressing affair.

THE EXHIBITIONS AT LORETTO.—We invite the special attention of our readers to the graphic and interesting report of the recent exhibitions at St. Francis' College and the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, from the pen of our esteemed Loretto correspondent "Veritas." The report, which we publish *in extenso*, shows as clearly as the sun on the meridian the advantages which the rising generation are sure to receive by being placed under the care, piety and zeal of the good Brothers and Sisters at Loretto; and we have only to add the hope that those excellent institutions, situated as they are amidst picturesque scenery and the bracing mountain air of Loretto, will be filled to their utmost capacities at the opening of their respective sessions in September next.

DENIES THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT.—The following communication from Sheriff Bauer fully explains itself:

"It might be appropos just here to say that Swank helped to defeat John T. Harris, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, and Thomas Griffith, Republican candidate for County Treasurer."

The above item, clipped from the Johnstown *Democrat* of last week, is certainly a mistake so far as it concerns me, as I had ample evidence during last fall's campaign to indicate that Mr. Swank was working against me and consequently in the interest of my opponent, Mr. Harris, and positively refused to even print tickets for me. HERMAN BAUER.

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient qualities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woelslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. Morris, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

Educational.

Exhibitions at St. Francis' College and Convent of Mercy, Loretto.

DEAR FREEMAN—If there be one thing more than another calculated to counteract the growing depravity of this so-called "enlightened" age and serve as an antidote against the virus of infidel and godless schools as well as the higher kindred institutions with which they are unhappily affiliated, it is that sound catholic and moral instruction which the rising generation receive in such excellent colleges and academies as those named in the caption of this article.

On Tuesday, June 30th, I had the rare enjoyment of witnessing here two exhibitions—one in the far-famed College of St. Francis, the other in the beautiful Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. At an early hour in the morning the "note of preparation" indicated that the grand crowning day of the students' collegiate life for 1874 had arrived, and as a consequence the happy youths of St. Francis' College were all attracted with that buoyant vivacity inseparable from the spring-time of life, for some of them were to take part in the exercises (as announced in programme), while the others were to form a component part of the large and respectable audience.

The neatness, regularity and good order which were quite apparent even to the most casual observer clearly demonstrated the unceasing vigilance and untiring zeal of the good Franciscan Brothers in doing all that taste and art could effect in making the exhibition of 1874 that which it really was—*a decided success*.

Every arrangement for the "Twenty-fourth Annual Commencement of St. Francis' College" being complete, the Rev. Bishop Domenec took his seat on an elegant *dais*, richly canopied, with a handsome cross in front, and tastefully ornamented with evergreens. At the right of our beloved Bishop sat Rev. Father Pollard and at his left Rev. Father Garland. There were also present Rev. J. J. Dwyer, President of the College, Rev. S. H. Bowen, Rev. E. Bush, Pastor of Loretto; Rev. Father Walsh, Hollidaysburg; Rev. Father Tuigg, V. G., Altoona, Rev. John Hackett, Summit, Rev. Thos. McEnroe, St. Augustine, Rev. R. C. Christy, Ebensburg, Rev. Fathers Farren, Kearney, Kittell, Davin, Ryan, Grace, John Ward, McHugh, Byrne, and many others whose names I did not learn.

The Loretto Cornet Band (to whose musical talent and admitted ability I paid a well-merited compliment in my issue of your spirited journal), having taken their places, played an "overture," after which Mr. Rich'd Bowen appeared before the audience and delivered a very pleasing "Salutatory." After music by the band, consisting of choice selections, Mr. Wm. Quinn, of Hollidaysburg, presented himself and delivered Byron's "Apostrophe to Ocean." The curtain being raised again, "The Irish Attorney, or Galway Practice in 1770"—a play well calculated to excite the risibilities of the audience—was well presented, the following named students appearing therein, each of whom performed his part in a manner creditable to amateurs of the histrionic art: Masters E. A. McSwigeen, W. H. F. Kelly, J. H. Lynch, R. Bowen, W. E. Reed, J. Gordon, P. H. Kelly, F. J. Voss, W. E. Quinn and P. V. Dolan.

In the second part Master J. D. Wilson delivered a poem, "Student," after which the "Spectre Bridegroom" was performed by the following students: Masters W. H. F. Kelly, G. Gordon, J. H. Lynch, P. V. Dolan, J. D. Wilson and John Burke. The "Valedictory" was delivered by P. H. Kelly. When each and all performed their respective parts in the several acts in such praiseworthy style, it may be deemed sufficient to note the fact in general terms; yet, without meaning the slightest invidious distinction, I may be permitted to say that Master E. A. McSwiggen as "Pierce O'Hara, the Irish Attorney," Master G. Gordon as "Squire Aldwinkle," Master P. V. Dolanas "Dickory," and Master P. H. Kelly as "Valedictory, adopted Shakspeare's advice to players by "suiting the action to the word and the word to the action."

At the close of the interesting exercises the Rt. Rev. Bishop arose and briefly but neatly and pointedly addressed the audience on the importance of *Catholic* education, the progressive advancement which Catholic institutions have made, and to the energy and zeal which the good Brothers of Loretto have evinced in adding building after building to their splendid monastery and college, dawning on it a little each year.

After addressing the students in that kind, gentle and paternal manner which our beloved Bishop evinces for his dear children, the exercises terminated leaving an impression of unfeigned delight on the minds of those who had the good fortune to witness a treat so interesting and agreeable as the exhibition at St. Francis' College proved to be.

The Rev. President called on Masters W. H. F. Kelly and P. H. Kelly, (brothers,) from Parkersburg, West Virginia, to receive those magnificent premiums from the hands of the Bishop a diploma conferring on them the degree of Master of Accounts. The distribution of costly premiums was next in order, and each student came forward at the call of the Rev. President, when we had noticed the highest order of education for which they were bestowed, and received from the Bishop's hands the well bound and richly gilt volumes in recognition of his proficiency, aptitude and good conduct, each, after receiving, the happy student kissed the Bishop's ring.

To add to the joyous hilarity of the delighted students, whose fond anticipations of affectionate welcome in the bosom of each one's respective circle of friends were vividly brought to their distant vision, the band played that sweet, pathetic air, "Home, Sweet Home," every note of which must have awakened feelings akin to those expressed in the lines:

"Where'er I roam, whate'er climes I see,
My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee."

In their new dining hall the good Brothers had a splendid dinner prepared for the Bishop, clergy, students and all visitors. That hospitality for which the Franciscan Order has ever been characterized, is nowhere more practically exemplified than in that section of the Alpine regions of the Alleghenies known as Loretto.

The visit to the Convent in the afternoon was one which also deserves the highest commendation, for on entering the spacious hall the nicety, neatness and taste of the arrangement which the good Sisters had made for the accommodation of visitors, were calculated to excite the admiration of the observer. One thing which your *correspondent* was particularly glad to see was a splendid harp, reminding him of the sweet lines,

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled;
So sleeps the pride of former days—
So glory's thrill is o'er—
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

The Salutatory was delivered by Miss E. Reckhaus.

The chorus by the young ladies at the opening of the exercises was pleasing in a high degree, and the individual vocal performances afforded unmistakable evidence of the excellence and refinement with which the good Sisters have trained the voices of those entrusted to their care. The Valedictory was delivered by Miss Aggie McConnell. The gracefulness and ease with which their respective parts were performed for the ladies of St. Aloysius' Academy the unanimous approval of the large, respectable and appreciative audience.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop delivered a short and effective address. The names of the young ladies that were to receive premiums, and also the various premiums for which they were awarded, were then read aloud by Rev. E. A. Bush.

In concluding this communication I take leave to quote the words of an ancient classic writer (Cicero)—words which prove how those vain advocates of the Utopian system of godless education stultify themselves in pursuing such an *ignis fatuus*: "*Scientia quæ est remota a justitia callidias potius quam sapientia est appellanda.*" VERITAS.

"THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGES."

Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Cambria County for the School Year ending June 1st, '74.

I. EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

It is gratifying to be able to report a prosperous scholastic year. Such has been the year just closed. This prosperity has been indicated in several points, which will appear in the course of this report.

A large number of school houses were built during the year, and a number of others were supplied with new and improved furniture. I regret that it is still necessary to report a number of houses as unfit for use.

A most gratifying feature in the case, also, is the fact that our schools were almost universally satisfactory. But few complaints were made, while on every hand I heard expressions of satisfaction and pleasure. Indeed, I think it is but just to our teachers to say that I think the average common school teacher is fully as competent to the discharge of his duty as is the average practitioner in the other professions.

Several night schools in and about Johnstown were maintained as usual by the munificence of the Cambria Iron Company. In Millville a night school was opened and supported by the energetic school directors of that borough.

Besides the common schools, denominational schools were in operation in Johnstown, Ebensburg, Conemaugh borough, Loretto and Carrolltown. A successful normal school was taught in Johnstown last summer by Mr. John Collier, and one by myself in Ebensburg. The good results of these normal efforts were to be seen in our public school rooms.

II. EDUCATIONAL WORK DONE.

Examinations.—Thirty-three public and fourteen private examinations were held during the year. We experienced a great deal of difficulty in filling the schools with teachers. At the examinations, 102 gentlemen and 124 ladies were examined. Of these applicants, only nine of each sex were rejected. Besides these, I endorsed a number of certificates from other counties. As we had less than two hundred schools in operation, I am at a loss to know why we should have had any difficulty in securing a sufficient number of teachers. We had plenty of applicants.

Certificates.—I issued during the year 208 provisional certificates. Those issued late in the season were made good only until June 1st. I also granted several Professional certificates.

Visits.—During the year I made 181 official visits. The average length of these visits was one hour. On these occasions I made such memoranda as were required by the Department, besides observing the general organization and progress of the schools, and suggesting to both teachers and pupils such points as I thought advisable. I am far from believing that visits to schools, if made in the right spirit, are barren of good results. The only argument against the practice is the limited good accomplished because of the impossibility of visiting them more frequently and remaining longer. These can be done only when superintendents shall have narrower fields of labor.

County Institute.—We held a most successful County Institute in Johnstown, commencing on the 28th day of November. We had the valuable assistance of Profs. Robert Curry, S. G. Boyd, and T. P. Morrell. Our own teachers rallied so unanimously and heartily around the good cause, as to deserve the greatest praise.—The character of the exercises throughout was better than ever before. The number of actual teachers in attendance was 112. The citizens of Johnstown and vicinity attended our sessions very faithfully. The different classes of young people who furnished music for the Institute deserve honorable mention.

Other Work.—In addition to the work above specified, I attended 12 institutes and educational meetings; wrote 228 letters on business connected with my office; contributed a number of articles on educational topics to different publications; taught a normal class 19 days; and traveled on official business 2051 miles. I hope nobody imagines that I have been idle.

II. IN CONCLUSION.

The educational outlook in this county is quite encouraging. Our people are almost unanimous in favor of the common school idea. If those in high position, who claim to be the friends of popular education, only stay their hands from marring the beauty and excellence of our educational system by engrafting upon it compulsory attendance, compulsory text-books, and other monstrosities of the kind, there will be no trouble in the future as there has been none in the past. What we want is not more laws, but an earnest, honest, and vigorous execution of the laws we have.

In this county we specially need

(1) More good school houses. A good deal has been done in the year past towards supplying this want, but much still remains to be done.

(2) We need better furniture in many of our school houses. Every school room should have good desks and seats for pupils and teacher.—At present this is far from being the case.

(3) We need more out-houses to our school properties. Very many of our school houses have not belonging to them an outbuilding of any description whatever. This is all wrong.

(4) We need more general interest and cooperation in the school work. Surely the right education of the child is something that should lie very near the heart of every parent and every good citizen.

These are some of our more pressing needs. I wish that those who should be most particularly interested would come squarely up to the duties at the hour. Certain responsibilities have been laid upon our shoulders; let us come up like men and assume them fully; and, as Thackeray says, though "we may not win the baton or epaulettes, yet God give us strength to guard the honor of the flag!"

T. J. CHAPMAN, C. S.

Local Correspondence.

THE "GALORIOUS" FOURTH.

WHAT "SCRUB-UP" DID AND HOW HE DID IT—WHAT HE SAW AND HOW HE SAW'D IT.

MOUNTAIN FOOT, July 6, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN:—With the early chirp of the beautiful "cat-bird" the undersigned awoke from his slumbers on the morning of the great natal day of our *ancient* independence. Drawing aside from our "downy couch of straw," determined that we would not be outdone in our patriotic efforts to celebrate the day in a proper and becoming manner. We hastily donned our "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes just as day-light and sunrise put in its appearance, and then—where will we go? was the question. We remembered having heard that a pic-nic was to held at Portage, in the county of Cambria, under the auspices of the "Young Men's Christian Association" of that place. Being of a serious and contemplative turn of mind, we were not long in determining that *that* was the place and *those* the auspices under which we would manifest our "high appreciation" of the great event which *made* us a nation and threw open the door to this blessed asylum for the oppressed of all nations. Hence, therefore, we took passage on the new Portage Rail Road and steadily and safely made our way to the beautiful town of Portage, where we arrived about 9 o'clock a. m. Here we were greeted by many old friends whom we knew before the "suspense of period" and whose whereabouts we had lost sight of, but whom we found located in this new and lovely village.

Sauntering with a friend along Rail Road street, we noticed a pleasant stream of the youth and beauty of the town and surrounding country, all with smiling countenances, moving northward along Portage street. On inquiry we learned that this meant pic-nic, which same was to be held "McGonigle's grove," about a half mile north of town, and hither with others we turned our toes. Ten minutes' walk brought us to the place of rendezvous, one of the most lovely natural groves I ever beheld. Ample preparations had already been made for the accommodation of all. A splendid dancing platform had been fitted up for the accommodation of those who are fond of that kind of amusement, and upon which about thirty-two gay lads and lasses were keeping step to the music of the Union Cornet Band string band engaged for the occasion. Several tastefully gotten-up saloons decorated the line grounds, at which ice cream, choice candies, lemonade and a "leetle beer" could be had. In the midst of the gay and youthful assemblage I noticed quite a number of the "silver hair and yellow leaf," prominent among whom was Philip Fienner, Esq., who served with a Maryland regiment in the war of 1812. Though in his ninety-seventh year, Mr. F. seems to be "gay and happy still," and from the style of dancing which I saw him walk across the dancing floor, as if looking for a partner for the next cotillion, he bids fair to become a centenarian. The Major (from Blair county) was also exhibiting his fair proportions and eloquently "shoving up" the affinity of his patent "potato bug demolisher." This ingenious contrivance (which I will not attempt to describe further than that it is made of twisted copper wire, with a handle attached, and is said to be capable of demolishing from *three to nine* of the irrepressible "buggers" at a single pop; I would recommend with all my might to all who are afflicted with the depredations of this pestiferous "animule." But as the potato bugs have nothing whatever to do with the Fourth of July, and I wouldn't have mentioned them if I hadn't met the Major with his machine,) I will say no more about them, but will return to the "subject in hand." All seemed to enjoy themselves—some dancing, some taking "a little lemonade," and other some in strolling through the grove, until dinner was announced.

THE DINNER

was all that even the most fastidious could reasonably have desired, and I would not have disgraced the table of any first class hotel, and I assure you that ample justice was done it by the hungry and happy multitude. Dinner over and the cloth removed, the gallant Captain William R. Hughes, late of the U. S. A.—the hero of Bloody Run and other hard fought fields—yea, he who even knocked the "rebel" *Monitor* into "pi"—being introduced, "opened up" on the

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

which he read and expounded in a manner worthy the imitation of many of the aspirants for Congressional honors. The Captain, as he "waded into" the great document and "warmed with his subject," revealed more than ordinary oratorical power. His fine personal appearance displays itself to great advantage when addressing an audience, and on this occasion I have heard it said that he even excelled any of his former efforts. After this the dénouno, the young folks again betook themselves to dancing, etc., and continued until about 4 o'clock, when a small hail storm (with very large hail) put a stop to out-door operations; but the doors of the "Washington House" being thrown open by its generous proprietor, Mr. Kiel, the youthful betook themselves hither and kept "the ball moving" until about 10 o'clock, when all dispersed to their respective domiciles, and your correspondent thought it time to SCRUB-UP.

THE TURNER FEST.—Our readers will remember that the first German Volksfest was held at the Summit in August of last year, and was a great success. It was then resolved to hold the Fest annually thereafter, and an Executive Committee was chosen. This committee has decided to hold the festival at Johnstown this year. As the grand Bezirks Fest of the Turnverein will be held here from the 15th to the 18th of August, arrangements have been made to combine the two Fests. The great gala-day will be Monday, August 17th. The fair grounds of the Highland Agricultural Society have been engaged for the occasion.—The committees of the Johnstown Turnverein are already earnestly at work making preparations for the grand event. It will be, by far, the largest reunion of German folks and probably the largest assemblage of people ever held at Johnstown.

The Turnverein has secured the services of the Great Western Band, of Pittsburgh (26 pieces), who will discourse the sweetest music every day during the Fest. No expense or labor will be spared to make the Fest creditable to the Turnverein. Delegations of Turners will be present from several States. Honors will be conferred for physical feats, and addresses will be delivered in both German and English. The festivities include a grand ball, a musical concert, a picnic, prize turning contest, etc. Some of our best citizens and most energetic business men are members of the Turnverein. The Fest will certainly be a grand affair.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

AFTER the Fourth comes a season of dullness in business circles, and then is the time for all times to pitch in and buy lots of substantial clothing wonderfully cheap for cash at Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, Clinton st., Johnstown.

California Correspondence.

CRESSEY STATION, Merced Co., Cal., July 4, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—Names in this State have all a meaning. When the Catholics planted their faith in Mexico they did it strong, and their planting took deep root. Almost every place is called after a saint. We have Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Santa Inez, Santa Isabelle, San Diego, San Luis, San Francisco, San Pedro, Sacramento, Los Angeles, and a hundred other holy names. Towns, townships, cities, counties, rivers and mountains are named after saints. And even his Satanic Majesty has his name perpetuated in Monte Diablo. If you will trouble yourself to glance over the map of California you will find that all the old names are sacred ones. After learning this fact the next thing to learn is how to pronounce them. I subjoin a few stanzas of a very stupid kind just to show how some of the names are pronounced:

Here, old fellow, give us your paw—
I believe you're just from Shandytaw,
You're slightly out of the way, though,
For I have just come from Yaw-p,
And you do say most solemnly
That you are not from Pun-kaw-pa?
No, I have crossed the Platte,
That I might see your heading machine,

But even this is a poor guide to pronouncing these names. For instance, Valejo is pronounced Val-a-ye, accented on a. Rafael is accented on fa. Joaquin is pronounced here as if spelled Wa-keen, accent on *keen*, but in the gaggetteers it is pronounced Ho-a-keen. Los Angeles is pronounced Lose Angeles. Tejon is pronounced Te-hon, and so on to the end of the chapter. I is sounded like ai and e like a. For a regular jaw-breaker the name of California's greatest robber, Tiburcio Vasquez, pronounced Too-bur-cho Val-eth-quez, with the e like a, removes the dilapidated linen, etc.

POLITICS.

There is the same scramble for office here as in the States. In our little township a school trustee couldn't be elected peaceably. There were two elections held at two different school houses, which had been called by two different trustees, although there are only three tr

Duddybanger Paints.

Mr. Duddybanger made some improvements on his place recently, and among them a two-story addition to his house, containing a nice, large summer-kitchen on the first floor, and on the second an airy sleeping apartment and a nice bath-room.

This arrangement gave both Mr. and Mrs. Duddybanger a great deal of satisfaction and increased the capacity of the house so much that Mrs. Duddybanger immediately invited a deaf elderly maiden sister, possessed of property, to visit them, which invitation the elderly maiden sister immediately accepted with the most beautiful alacrity.

This extension had been finished on the inside, but outwardly it yet needed a coat or two of paint, as hitherto nothing but a coat of priming had been given it. This extra painting Duddybanger resolved to do himself, as business was somewhat dull, and he felt the need of a little out-door exercise. He had surrounded the extension with a bank some three or four feet wide on the top and of such a height as to fill in the distance between the top of the foundation wall and the original lay of the land, which was a sidehill sloping from the house, thus rendering the banking rather high in places, and especially at the end overlooked by the bath-room window. Mr. Duddybanger borrowed a nice long ladder and he and Mrs. Duddybanger exhausted themselves and two mortal hours in raising it against the extension, with the top directly over the bath-room window and the foot resting on the top of the bank; and then to procure an easy inclination they drew the bottom out as near the edge of the bank as they dared.

Then he proceeded to get into a new pair of sewing-circle made overalls; so very small in the legs as to make him appear to anybody who didn't know him very well rather constrained and distant and formal, but so very, very ample elsewhere as to accommodate his every movement, and remotely suggest infinitude, or space, or something or other.

Then he got his materials together and poured and ladled and mixed and dabbed till he thought he had about the right thing in paint, and then taking the pot and brush he mounted the ladder just three minutes after the elderly maiden sister, stepping into the bath-room, drew the curtain without taking particular notice of the ladder, and began disrobing for a bath.

Mr. Duddybanger's eyes were so full of paint that he couldn't see much, and it was not strange that the closely drawn curtain of the bath-room window escaped his notice; likewise the elderly maiden sister was so very deaf that she knew nothing of the rather close proximity of her brother-in-law, to say nothing of the fact that she had but just got up and knew nothing of the day's programme, all of which tended to make the situation one of beautiful and blissful ignorance.

Then Mr. Duddybanger, after having mounted as high as possible, hung the paint pot on the top rung of the ladder and commenced to step around with the brush and waste paint and grow weak in the arms and change hands and whistle softly and wonder how much a good painter would cost him by the day and how long paint was lived anyway, and if the smell of paint wasn't rather unhealthy after all and he hadn't better go down and add a little more oil or get a drink of water or something; and it was just as he had concluded to descend that the ladder moved a little and a "Grumph! Grumph!" of swinish satisfaction attracted his attention.

Casting down from the dizzy height he beheld a hog belonging to one of his neighbors energetically scratching himself against the foot of the ladder, which by the powerful movements of the animal was being gradually worked into the uncertain soil at the edge of the bank. The situation was appalling and Duddybanger tried to grasp it and the ladder and the paint brush all at once, but failed. He let the situation and the brush go to thunder and clung to the top of that ladder with all the energy of despair.

Then Duddybanger commenced to say, "Hi, you there," and "Stop—won't you?" and "Say—you there, do you know what you're a doing?" and then he tried to reason with the animal and to show him the impropriety of the thing but it did no good.

He dared not stir for fear of helping things too much, so he just held the ladder and his breath and shut his eyes and set his teeth and braced himself for the shock; and when a vigorous boost sent the foot of that ladder flying out into the air and brought the top end moping down over those clapboards with a noise like young thunder, Duddybanger sent his fingernails into the wood and his thoughts into the skies and went sailing in through the sash of that bath-room window with the end of a ladder and other things and a pot of paint with a rush that would have done credit to a comet.

The ladder stopped at the windowsill, but Duddybanger and the paint pot kept right on. He looked around for something to stop against, too, but as he didn't see anything nearer than the bath-room floor, he thought that he might as well see the thing through and get rid of such a terrible suspense, so he just sailed on and brought up where he had intended to, on the floor, along with a lot of tin and paint, and glass, and wood splinters, and stars, and things, and it occurred to him that the party who moved out just as he came in possessed a great deal more judgment than clothes and was remarkably agile and decided for one so old. The circumstance him so that he sat there and thought over it and some other things until his wife came for her sister's clothes, and then he got up and went down stairs, and after asking his wife to apologise to her sister for him, he went out to the woodpile and delivered an oration.

For a week after this Duddybanger divided his spare time between watching for Cut hog and picking little pieces of glass out of his hands, and trying to make up with his sister-in-law; but as he didn't succeed much he cooled himself off and went to work and repaired his fences.

It is estimated that the colored people of Savannah, Ga., lose about $25,000 by the failure of the Freedman's Savings Bank and Trust Co.

Iowa farmers are despondent, because Paris green will not make the locust take French leave.

NEW STORE BUILDING, 113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

All the New Goods of the Season!

ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS:

Stair and Hall Brussels Carpet.

Three-Ply CARPET.

EXTRA SUPER CARPET.

VENETIAN and GIRTHING CARPET.

Ingrain Carpet, all wool.

COTTAGE CARPET FROM 25 CENTS UP.

Mattings and Door Rugs.

Floor Oil Cloths 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, and 8-4 wide; Stair Oil Cloths and Table Oil Cloths; Window Shades at prices to suit everybody.

PRINTS AT 6 CENTS.

SPRING AND SUMMER

MILLINERY GOODS!!

☞ The attention of the Ladies is invited to our Retail Millinery Department. Having engaged a first-class Milliner from the East and being constantly in receipt of the latest and handsomest styles, we are prepared to suit all tastes and meet all pecuniary circumstances.

NEW DRESS GOODS

OF FINEST QUALITIES.

Country merchants will find it to their INTEREST to call and examine our stock. We can fill their orders in Dry Goods, Notions and Millinery at the same prices they would have to pay in the east, and thus save freight and traveling expenses.

WHOLESALE ROOMS, SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—TO—

CASH BUYERS

—AT THE—

Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;

COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities;

TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION! of my own manufacture;

HARDWARE, ALL KIND! such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Wringers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast steel hames, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware of all kind, in great variety;

WOOD and WILLOW WARE beyond description;

CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c.

Family Groceries, such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy, Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*

HOUSE SPOUTING made, painted and put up as cheap as possible, for cash. ☞ A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves. Heating Stoves.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Loretto Marble Works.

PRICES REDUCED!

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS; also, Designs for Scotch Granite Monuments. We desire to invite the attention of the public to our Beautiful Designs for Monuments and Tombstones, made of the very best Italian and American Marbles, and which will be furnished at as low rates as similar work can be obtained in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, and work shipped to any point at our risk. All orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Remember that our designs and our work will compare favorably with any in the State. WILKINSON & KELLY.

Loretto, March 13, 1874.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,

130 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

JOHN PARKE.

Oct. 24.-m.*

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TABLETS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27,'73.]

CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN.

New Embroideries

—AND—

WHITE GOODS!

NEW GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Latest Styles Ladies' and Children's

Hats and Bonnets

TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.

Ribbons and Flowers,

A most complete variety, just opened.

SUN UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS

of all sizes, styles and qualities, at unusually low prices. A full stock of

KID GLOVES,

all colors and sizes, as low as 75 cts. per pair.

Half Hand Gloves!

FOR GARDEN WEAR.

NEW WHITE GOODS.

NAINSOOK AND JACONET MUSLIN, SWISS AND ORGANDIE MUSLINS, WHITE AND COLORED P. K.'S, Lawns, Hamburg Edgings, Towels, &c. PERCALES, for Summer Suits, very cheap.

The Celebrated "RIVERSIDE" HAT IN WHITE AND BLACK STRAW.

Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils ALWAYS IN STOCK, AT

Geis, Foster & Quinn's,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton St., Johnstown.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,

AND DEALERS IN

Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,

No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,

Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.

Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.

Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING. —The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity. Orders left at the ZAHM STORE will receive early attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

Ebensburg, Sept. 1, 1873.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg.—M. O'NEILL & CO., Proprietors. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, *EBENSBURG, PA.*

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO., BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

Wonderful Performance.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow; and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. The company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looming up in the shadows of the great, empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the figure expressed a wonderful reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes? Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side. "Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring at very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was amongst them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others crossed themselves; till the prior rose up, summoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle. "It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front he stood petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hand, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed liked stars, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.

Origin of Printing.

Like all grand discoveries, the origin of printing was exceedingly simple. In the year 1420, a certain old gentleman named Lawrence Coster lived in Haarlem. He was fond of taking solitary walks in the woods, and one day felt idly to work with his knife on a smooth piece of birch bark, and cut several letters so neatly that after his return home he stamped them on paper; the impression was so good that he naturally fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink he made black stamps upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broadsides of letters—which was really printing. The Dutch writers claim that this grand discovery did poor Coster very little good, as a dishonest apprentice who had wit enough to understand the value of such a discovery, ran away from his master, taking with him a great many of the wooden blocks which it had required so much ingenuity and patience to fashion, and unlawfully appropriate the credit of the grand discovery. It is hinted that the runaway apprentice was John Faust or John Gutenberg; but the Germans justly say there is no proof of this. "It is certain, however," says a contributor to one of our first-class journals, "that there was a Lawrence (Custos, of the cathedral) who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market-place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking books are, some of them, now in the 'State House' of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing. As usual, it was for future ages to reap the full benefit of the art of one patient, unappreciated worker."

They make diamonds in Paris now with a very near approach to reality. First, it is necessary to dissolve charcoal. Then follow processes requiring crystallization—a mingling of pure water, a little carbonate of sulphur, and certain proportions of liquefied phosphorus. Still, all this may not yield a thoroughly deceptive diamond. Another composition is made from silver sand, very pure potash, minium, calcined borax, and a form of arsenic, varied occasionally by a mixture of strass—a mixture for which an equivalent is paste, and which represents transparent pebbles burnt to powder, white lead, and other similar materials. Sometimes rock-oyster is used, with borax acid from Italy, and nitrate of potash. Of these materials is composed the false diamond, which figures so alluringly in the shop-windows of the Palais Royal. The time and labor devoted to these productions might be much better employed.

Well Made Clothing, For Men of ALL Sizes. For the BIG Boys. For LITTLE Boys.

OAK HALL, AT THE Cor. of 6th & Market Sts. PHILADELPHIA.

NOW ON HAND

THE

HAND-SOMEST STOCK

OF

SPRING CLOTHING

WE EVER HAD.

For Cash paid IN HAND we will sell below the Market rate, and Guarantee every article or return money.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

HAND-Y to the Ferries and the Principal Hotels and R. R. Depots.

G. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street, Ebensburg, Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!

AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE

PRICES

At E. J. MILLS'

CHEAP CASH STORE,

Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions, GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.,

In this "Neck o' Timber."

☞ A complete and elegant assortments of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.

Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Lecon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY.

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

A CARD.

EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following

LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	$3.50 per pair.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,

July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Woolen Factory.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, EBENSBURG, PA.

Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made. [4-4.-tf.]

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN

M'CLELLAND & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Fancy and Plain FURNITURE!

AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant

PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,

IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS.

Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for

OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!

IN PIECES OR SUITS,

At PRICES Below

Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.

Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street, NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.

☞ All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [5-15,'74.-tf.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses, DRAPER & TAILOR, 4 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law,* Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

Manners of the Present Day.

There are persons who believe that the standard of good manners in this country is on the whole much lower than it was; that politeness and courtesy are neither so common nor so well understood as they used to be; and that the acquisition of enormous wealth by the few has been the means of barbarising us all to a really formidable extent. Evidence of this is supposed to be found in the rudeness which one is accustomed to meet with and to bear if one is traveling; in the pushing and ordering and selfishness with which every man does that which is right in his own eyes, regardless of the smallest possible consideration for his next door neighbor; in the substitution of mere formalism by the vulgar rich for friendly and genial intercourse.

About the actual fact there may be a difference of opinion. There are some optimists in the world who look upon everything goes on in the finest way imaginable, that there is sure to be some reaction, some admission of a disagreeable truth. We do not be reluctant to admit it, as people are merely patriotic grounds, for instance, the Frenchmen are making just the same complaint of their countries, too.

The essence of good manners is ease; and ease is just what the saddled generation does not have. Look at the careless manners of the first of them you meet. It betrays stiffness, discomfort, elaborate attention of his own shirtiest new furniture. There is no more like a truly well-mannered man or farmer than his own carpets on a floor of bright stone, with gilt fillings and a room, adorned with the stately and these modern masters whom our manufacturers love to honor, and produced all manner of costly guaintness, and the venerable glory of mahogany, or the simple propriety of an honest home.

The truth is, that to the making of manners there must either be in the man himself, or have been in those from whom he inherits their tradition, a mixture of and intellectual qualities, in which elements of which are our new fortunes. An empress can be polite, and so could Burns. We require the same thing, a genial sympathy, and the ability for discerning the fine and delicate or that special set of circumstances which possess either of these qualities is a great detriment, one must have a certain quickness of mind, which shall allow for the varieties and gracious play of interest in other persons, and shall permit one to see the true aspect of one's remarks and actions operate free from the cloud which self-hunting for their good or their evil interposes. Too worst and most frequent fault in manners, unless it be a want of heart, is to take—first, that artificial and unreal things as sympathetic interest, and secondly, friendly relations demanding the same interchange of all intimate relations.

Hence the most salient feature of bad manners. Bluntness is not bad manners, but it is not nearly so bad as it is when it does not show nearly so much the rudeness of character as it does the want of due reserve may arise from a sense of what constitutes self-respect, and in this it is the excess of a virtue. But the excess of politeness shows that the person displays it does not know what he means. Vulgar-minded people think that good manners are nothing more than a conventionality, and that ordinary courtesy is an answer all questions cordially. There is nothing which they are more wrong in. They have no inner shrine of their own which they do not dream of those inner and sacred place in the minds of others. Serious doubts, spiritual aspirations, and the like come, your feelings to some one, your sister-in-law—all and everything is held for common wares to be handled and stared at without let or hindrance.

In the minds of these colossal bores can have no right of private property in himself. Their theory is a sort of communism; each person's thoughts, emotions, and all the rest of it belong to the constant right of inspection by any body who happens to think that he does belong to the same circle. And the worst sidedness of this matter is that these curious; for, if it is part of the duty of a man to have to unbosom one's self to every one in practice, is it a much pleasanter thing to find yourself in readiness to receive the confidences of others? The secret of the eagerness of some people to receive the confidences is, that they are thus enabled to break the laws of fairness and reciprocity, and to gratify by inflicting their own selfishness. Hence what appears like a want of heart is nothing better than superficiality.

Manners, after all, are but the outward and symbol of the inner life. The worst form of bad manners is always in some form of selfishness, in which small and petty passions reign in men's minds to the exclusion of wider and higher interests. The whole tendency of society is to encourage long competition for each person's attention to outrun, narrow and more selfish interests will preponderate, and the result of this preponderance will soon be seen in more in an unscrupulous readiness to take hard bargains, than in a professional carelessness for the feelings of others. The so-called smaller affairs of social life are only by possessing broad interests and a hearty concern for the public welfare that a man acquires the two great elements of good manners—dignity and unselfishness. It is only that you influence in part the character of the affairs of a nation—this makes you feel his own worth and respect the personality of his neighbors. Human nature gains new height and dignity. Manners have been the finest when men cared most for some large national or religious interest which gave an ennobling tone to daily life and manners.

—A correspondent writes to the *Scientific American* that the worst toothache or neuralgia coming from the tooth, may be speedily and delightfully ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton saturated in a strong solution of ammonia. Apply the defective tooth. Sometimes the sufferer is prompted to momentary laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.